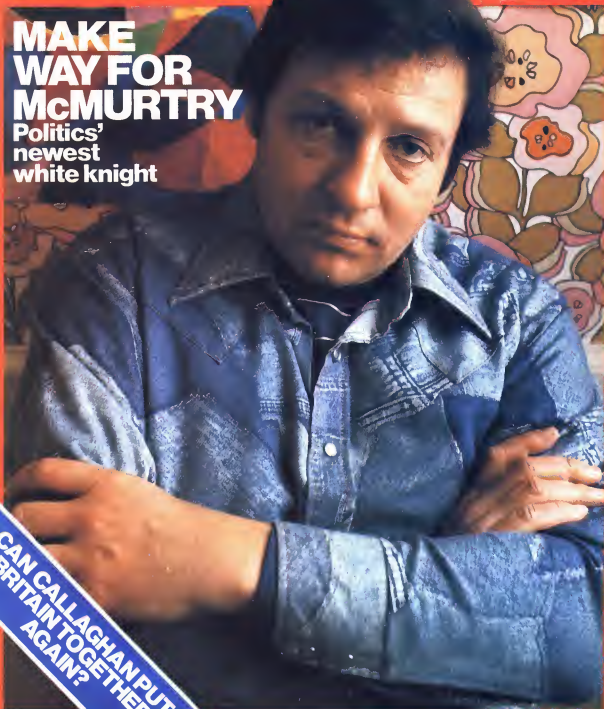


Maclean's

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Politics'
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BRITAIN TOGETHER
AGAIN?



Interview

With Dr. Hans Selye

In 1974 Hans Selye, director of the Institute of Experimental Medicine and Surgery at the University of Montreal, wrote a book called *Stress Without Distress* in which he attempted to translate his scientific knowledge about stress into a code of common behavior. With the title in North American English, he is speaking to the extent that heart disease is nearly epidemic, his living couldn't have been better. The book has been translated into a dozen languages and sold all over the world. Even before he wrote the book, however, Selye was considered one of the world's leading experts in the field. Born in Austria, he has doctoral degrees in science and philosophy, as well as medicine, and has spent a lifetime studying the physiological mechanisms of stress. He has published more than 1,100 scientific papers relating to his work and has received 16 honorary degrees and innumerable awards in recognition. Dr. Selye was interviewed recently by Fraser Kelly, who asked him about his contention that stress can be used as a positive force for personal achievement and happiness.

Maclean's: You have been writing about stress for decades, but suddenly there seems to be an enormous upsurge, at least in North America, in interest. Why is that?

Selye: Actually it is not as sudden as most people think. I wrote the first paper on stress in 1936. But with the general public, there was a lot of confusion. I was aware of the fact that one could apply what I had learned about cellular and tissue reactions to stress into behavioral terms. Not everyone can understand chemical formulas, but everyone can understand behavior.

Maclean's: Is that the public confusion between stress and common reason, and I would like you to explain the difference.

Selye: In time, with his highly developed nervous system, his power of logic and ability to analyze, a person discovers stress in the most common form of stress. We don't even allow our stress to become a danger in a civilized country, we don't very often suffer from infection, so nervous stress is very important. Physical stress is quite different and may have as serious manifestations.

Maclean's: For example, sometimes when you go into the depths, there's people to that one can make an operation on you, as a stress and produce the same biochemical manifestations, the same nervous and hormonal discharge, you would know where you are going, but you would know where you are going. But nervous stress is completely eliminated during anesthesia.

Maclean's: How does a person order his

life so that it is not so stressful?

Selye: You can have too much stress and too little stress. We call that overstress and understress—technically hyperstress and hypostress. Now overstress is what we usually suffer from, because very rarely we are in lack of stress, although sometimes even cases as such and so can sensory deprivation sensory deprivation is a condition in which any feeling of anything is eliminated. Usually they put you in a dark room.



DOING GOOD THINGS FOR OTHERS GIVES YOU POWER. IT'S ALTRUISM FOR YOUR OWN GOOD

where it's never cold or hot, and you are put in a very comfortable bed, and there is no noise. There is absolutely nothing happening. It is one of the most horrible experiences. It is like solitary confinement. I stress is solitary confinement, a prisoner can't talk to anybody he's all alone by himself, and he can't stand it very long. You get hallucinations, you literally go crazy from it.

Maclean's: So we need some stress. The question is how much, and how do we order our lives to get the right amount?

Selye: My code of life from both a layman's and a doctor's point of view is that you are not very prescriptive. It is to be prescriptive. You see the laws of God, whatever your religion, the laws of your king or

your president, of your political party, of your country, they are all prescriptive—they tell you you must do that, you must not do that. The laws of nature, which are the basis of my code, are not prescriptive. Nature does not say, must do this. The law of gravity is that a person must live. It's not an object and it falls to the ground; it isn't because the physicist who has described this phenomenon has such tremendous power that he can force it to do so, or that somebody wants it to do so. It just happens. Now there are laws like that that must apply to us, you and me, because we are part of nature. And you can't disobey them. If, for example, we are trying to do our best by this conventional, we are under stress in almost all stress. Once we are under stress, whether it's pleasurable or displeasurable stress, certain things happen. For example, right now you and I are achieving more information than if we were just sleeping. We are also receiving much more of those hormones of the adrenal cortex, one of which is cortisol. So stress is always there if I'm working in my every activity we perform.

Maclean's: You have said that our human machine has only a certain amount of cortisol—energy—and that we can either spend it or we can save it. How does that occur in a body?

Selye: I can summarize my code for you in three points. The first law—I don't believe it is a law, it's just a fact—I do your own thing. The second law is right, I don't know. Many people don't do their own thing. Rather they do too much or too little—either too much because it's expected of them by the society, their neighbors, their press, their teachers.

Maclean's: Or horses?

Selye: Yes, horses tell them that they have to work at this rate and it just isn't their rate. A horse gives slowly a racehorse goes fast and if you force a racehorse to go too fast, it will die. You know the fact is that you'll be a little of you know the fact is that you'll be a racehorse.

Maclean's: What if you're saying to me that we should be able to determine our own stress levels, but I think for most people that is very difficult.

Selye: Very. But unfortunately that's where my competence stops. Since I admit from the beginning that you should do your own thing, and you know, yourself, how, you are your own best doctor. It is only that, some people are without knowing what the facts are. We can be prejudiced by social influence, by custom, by tradition and never come to think of it. The fact that



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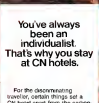
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WHAT IT ALL COMES DOWN TO IS: YOU MUST HAVE AN AIM IN LIFE, AN ATTAINABLE AIM

Your father suggested to be one of the most famous theoretical physicists does not obligate you to do theoretical physics if that is not your thing. And if you want to be a bookcrafter, I have no objection, although I object to the kids who become bookcrafter when it isn't actually what they want, when they just didn't give it enough thought or have enough information and guidance. The dogma are sometimes the most arrogant kids who have enough independence to think, "Do I really want to know this?" And I think that were and evolutionists, turning to drugs, to alcohol and all sorts of shenanigans, are due to the fact that there has a certain amount of courage for adaptation which has to find an outlet, and I've don't give it no outlet in a constructive way it reveals. You do your own thing, at your own speed and in due season you really know Montaigne turned it up. "No word flows in from the ship that has no port of destination."

Montaigne: What is your number two? **Sage:** Point two sounds like a paradox. It is, affirmative again. I think that nature is right. You can't help it. Personally I

have been very much traumatized by it so it set natural. I cannot expect you to spend all your energy looking after me. It is not natural. **Montaigne:** I think you say in some passages your book that it is not natural for me to have my neighbor more than myself. My first love has to be myself. Is that not an accurate description of what you mean? **Sage:** Well, it is a way. It isn't that you shouldn't love your neighbor as thyself but through a special kind of technique, so to speak. I have overcome my own difficulties—and, apparently through the books and through lectures and television, that of many others—by showing that we are not really sinners if we look after ourselves as long as our interest is also to help others. You see, I got no satisfaction out of admitting my sin and beating my chest and saying it was a horrible sin, because first of all I didn't feel like a sinner and, secondly, if I made mistakes, which I did very often and knew I did, I liked to correct them, not just to admit to them. Admitting to them didn't give me any satisfaction unless I could do something about it. If you are a realist you should admit that doing good things for others gives you power, that you are really an altruist for your own good. Who will blame you for desperately wanting to work for your own interest and bend capital for yourself if that capital is other people's love? **Montaigne:** Which brings us to your third point

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Montaigne: Which brings us to your third point is set natural. I cannot expect you to spend all your energy looking after me. It is not natural. Montaigne: I think you say in some passages your book that it is not natural for me to have my neighbor more than myself. My first love has to be myself. Is that not an accurate description of what you mean? Sage: Well, it is a way. It isn't that you shouldn't love your neighbor as thyself but through a special kind of technique, so to speak. I have overcome my own difficulties—and, apparently through the books and through lectures and television, that of many others—by showing that we are not really sinners if we look after ourselves as long as our interest is also to help others. You see, I got no satisfaction out of admitting my sin and beating my chest and saying it was a horrible sin, because first of all I didn't feel like a sinner and, secondly, if I made mistakes, which I did very often and knew I did, I liked to correct them, not just to admit to them. Admitting to them didn't give me any satisfaction unless I could do something about it. If you are a realist you should admit that doing good things for others gives you power, that you are really an altruist for your own good. Who will blame you for desperately wanting to work for your own interest and bend capital for yourself if that capital is other people's love? Montaigne: Which brings us to your third point

Myer: My third point is really a summary of the first and second points. It's my neighbor's love. I took it right out of the Bible. Instead of love thy neighbor as thyself, which is a command, and you cannot love on command, all you need to do is change the word: the first. Love thy neighbor as thyself should be changed to care thy neighbor's love. Then you do it for your own good, you load your own capital, and who will blame you for wanting to help him?

McGowan: As you tell about people pushing being one of the beautiful things, I never right now. What do you mean by that?

Myer: Well, you see more and more our society tends to reflect in large aggregates, be it cities, big money, advertising, but if there are just too many people involved you never have any privacy. That is stressful, too. You have to choose your surroundings. For example, in running this race it is just as important to me to have pleasant, smiling people who are encouraging as to have efficient ones. Naturally, a certain level of efficiency is indispensable, but if somebody always goes around like a siren, it just bothers me too much. So I think one should be aware that people are pollutants, too.

McGowan: You have described work as a basic biological need/instinct. What evidence do you have of that?

Seliger: I like to explain behavior in terms of natural laws, and I think everybody knows without being a physicist that if you don't use a muscle it becomes weak and flabby. That is why you have to exercise. If you develop it and you work with it, then it becomes stronger. I think that work is a biological necessity. If you don't use your brain, it's not working. I think that people should realize that less work and more leisure is no solution. As Bernard Shaw said, "Labor is doing what we must, leisure is doing what we like."

McGowan: And yet the trend seems to be toward less work. Indeed, people are working even harder to get out of work, aren't they?

Seliger: Yes, well, I will tell you frankly—and I don't mind if people know it—I never did a piece of work in all my life that I was actively engaged in. I was teaching and researching between the ages of 20 and 68, when I quit work. But I never considered what I was doing as work. It is a matter of mind. It is not what happens to you that counts, it's how you feel about it. You can, you must, let us say, as a sleep apnea or a fly lover producing plants, and you are not creative to it, it doesn't bother you. It is not what happens, but the way you take it. Well, I have released for myself a part of determination. It is an objective which I like and which I am not going to let go.

McGowan: There is a lesson that most people don't have. A poor man, people are often forced by economic necessity to do work they think is unpleasant or undesirable, but they do it because of their economic necessity.

Seliger: Governments and teaching institu-

tions could help by teaching people to find what I call play professions. Someone will say, "It is a little light for you because you are a scientist. You can consider your work as play if you like," and the same would be true of an artist, or a musician. But some people like to be, for example, garbage truck drivers. I know one garbage collector that he just because I go to talk to him. I like to talk to people about their work in order to see how gratifiable any profession is. Now I wouldn't like to be a garbage collector, and very few people would like to be, let us say, a tax collector, but we shouldn't draw conclusions from a very few exceptional professions which have to be done by somebody but which are unpleasant. Most people like something.

McGowan: It seems to me that boredom would be a major cause of stress in a society that forbids work forever and more to be in



WE HAD TO REALIZE THAT NOTHING IS SOLVED BY LESS WORK AND MORE LEISURE

Seliger: Boredom is the punishment of those who haven't thought this out clearly, who want less work and more leisure and don't know what to do with the leisure when they get it. So again I think special-interest, behavioral, governments and so on should help people find occupations which for them are enjoyable and with which they can avoid boredom. Boredom is a terrible, stressful thing.

McGowan: What about exercise as well as an antidote to harmful stress?

Seliger: Well, you see, I think we have to separate exercise from recreation. Despite my age I exercise whenever it is possible. Usually at five o'clock in the morning. I use a bicycle and I have a little swimming pool in my basement. I do so

much exercise as in compatible with my needs and my capacities. It is interesting for the body to be used. We spoke about the necessity of work as a biological need of man. Exercise is another such necessity. I wouldn't advise somebody to exercise if he is physically crippled or if he has heart. Such a person has to use another type of therapy. A psychological type of treatment. Let us say.

McGowan: But you do see more value for some people in work than others?

Seliger: Undoubtedly, and not only when they are experiencing negative stress. Too much exercise and pleasure, you can't stand that either. It is again overdone. That is why I distinguished between understress and overstress. No task is so good to somebody who is already in understress because it is under stress.

McGowan: So perhaps you need to establish a threshold before a less or you do after doing that as a response, an answer?

Seliger: Well, I have not subjected this to practical personal experience as yet, but it is quite possible.

McGowan: Someone told me that you ran your good deed of your work on two days. Tell me about that.

Seliger: My first book for the layman was called *The Seven G's*, and it was published in New York by McGraw-Hill. I got down on about 300 pages 30 years of research, and I was very proud that it was going to be understood and so short. The editor looked it over and he said, "This is fine, but it has two flaws. First it is too technical, and secondly it is too long." So I said, "Well, perhaps it isn't worth publishing." "No," he said, "this is definitely what we have to have. Now you have to do a summary which people like to read. Nobody will read the book, but they will read the summary. We have to publish the book because of your peers don't have the faintest notion of what to accept in nobody will listen to you." So I said "All right." I am going to try. "I wrote a 10-page summary. I was very proud of myself. I went to the editor, who looked it over and said, 'Well, don't do this in a hurry better.' I said, 'I can't do it in less than 10 pages.' But he said I should try, that we would publish the 10 pages, too, but that we should have a summary of the summary. So I said, 'Well, I won't be beaten.' I wrote back to McGraw and I put it all in two lines. Some benevolent people called it a poem, but there again it had two flaws: it didn't rhyme and it didn't scan very well. But the two flaws were it all up—the first that you have to have an aim in life, that is how to be as in that you are made for that you are ambitious, and that there is no winning a thing where things that you can't accomplish. So we should say, friends. I wrote it late in French, and it sounds perhaps a little better in the original language—*translating is never done*—and quite as well in English. It is a little more interesting, it is a little more, but never put up a resistance in vain."



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If the Canadian people are hot for a lynching, who is Allmand to say them nay?

Column by George Jones

"Phone, judge, hang him!" wailed a Lethbridge, Ontario, woman after a racist murder trial. A sick response? Commented the trial judge: "It's only human to react emotionally to murder. There's a lot of emotion on the other side, too. Those abolitionist fellows are not above cooking the books either."

His leadership has a point. The London lady may not be motivated by classical logic and pure reason, but then Solicitor General Warren Allmand himself sounds more consistent than cerebral on the subject. One of his better-known gut reactions goes like this: "I won't be swayed in any way with a hanging. It's an obsolete and degrading measure. You just don't hang a person and solve all the problems." Now there's an insight! Hanging doesn't solve all the problems. The question is does it solve some?

As Ottawa, Ontario, Crown Attorney Bruce Allford tells it, there was a young man recently who shot his parents, then surrounded his rifle loaded rifle to an approaching policeman. When asked why he didn't shoot the cops as well, he replied with charming honesty: "Because I don't want to hang." In practice he ran little risk of hanging, but how was the poor fellow to know that? One Ottawa policeman may be able today to issue kill orders and yet still sympathize enough to replace our Solicitor General would rather resign than uphold the law he introduced himself in parliament. Perhaps improved educational programs for police would solve this problem.



Well, if so others. Of course Allmand isn't alone. "I feel the citizens support me. I feel my critics support me. In fact I feel more understanding and support on Parliament Hill than from people across Canada." A very perceptive remark. Public opinion polls show about 55% of Canadians in favor of restoring the death penalty. But then our Prime Minister's expressive shoulders seem to have been made for shugging off such matters. "Responsible government," he commented eloquently, "doesn't mean by public opinion and public referendum." That should put us in our place. One election every five years is more than we deserve. Popular sentiment doesn't cut much ice with Allmand either. "I'd be more interested in one good argument," he said, one-upping *Le Tour de Saison Drive*, "than 1,000 signatures on a petition."

Here: What are Allmand's own arguments? He says: "Execution doesn't avenge the crime of murder." True. Neither does prison. Nothing avenges the crime of murder. Should we, by an extension of that logic, punish it with nothing? Allmand says: "We know that most types of violent crime are not deliberately or rationally planned." Maybe, but nobody gets hanged for this either. Canadians want to retain the death penalty only for deliberate, usually planned murder. Says the Solicitor General: "An extension of the evidence indicates that capital punishment does not effectively lower the murder rate." A statement of fact. In 1975, when Allmand said this, the House of Commons Select Committee (which was already published, causing serious doubts on this bit of orthodoxy) on an empirical level the murder rate in Canada had increased since 1962, the last time capital punishment was implemented, by about 42% (from 13 per 100,000 population to 24).

Now, as requested by Allmand's own argument is less of another 1,000 signatures. One without the death penalty everyone currently serving a life sentence would become, like 300, free to kill. No one can be sentenced to life once, but those serving one life sentence can and sometimes do murder fellow convicts prison guards or anyone who stands in their way. Two not even Charles Dugas would have expected the law to become such an aid to offer incentives to killers. Yet under Allmand's prison hang-like imprisonment for armed robbery or a murder sentence would actually benefit by being a witness or a politician. It would increase his chances of escape and make his

difference to his punishment (if created we all know how this problem would be solved by the more enlightened than those crowd: reduce penalties for armed robbery, rape, and other baggages. Pale, the Law Reform Commission recommends, on life imprisonment, as proven for most property crimes, and three-year maximums for those unlikely to murder again.) Finally, in one deputy police chief's job, "My cops don't mind hanging, it's hanging the same pain that bugs them." What a cruel irony about the myth that murderers seldom repeat their crime. It may be true enough of domestic and other impulsive killers (who would never face the gallows anyway) but it's emphatically untrue of the pros. They are the ones who would actually hang if the death penalty were returned, and so they should.

If Allmand says they shouldn't, what are the solutions he offers? "Better trained police." "Dad Constables Gabriel LaBelle, Leslie MacLeod or James Lethbridge because they had no future in and well thought." "More equipped policemen." "The cops in Detroit look like cowboys from outer space. You can't expect them any better short of giving each a Doomsday Machine, but Detroit is still Murder City and Montreal is catching up." "Effective gun control." "Public restrictions on the showing of violence on television." "Don't give us more law, Allmand, put some teeth into the ones we have. Laws separate the law-abiding, it's the teeth that bite crooks. Judy LaMorda can't protect us from people who go to prison over Kops. Gun control might, perhaps, reduce impulsive violence, but it has zero effect on those who kill in cold blood for greed or lust." "Social and economic programs to reduce the causes of crime." "None. We've been doing that for 20 years while crime got out of hand, but let's continue." "Promote respect for legitimate authority in the home, the school... and government." "By all means. One way of doing that is to hang convicted murderers."

The English legal philosopher Sir James Fitzjames Stephen observed that if murder could be prevented by the line of one doing it would still break the moral bonds of society to impose only a one-shilling fine on murderers. Of course a life sentence is not a shilling but it is a very heavy burden. Many Canadians still seem a can-can game on their own lives. When people feel underhanded, the moral bonds of society begin to show the strain.

George Jones is a C.B.C. producer and author of opinion books of poems.

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Letters

Only the gas is a 'poly-killer'; the products are harmless

Poly-Killer (April 199) may have startled readers, especially Canadians, and harmed a highly responsible industry since you failed to clarify the following points: a) Polyvinyl chloride (PVC) is a solid plastic, not a gas. There is no evidence or even suggestion that anyone anywhere has suffered any ill-effects from breathing or using PVC products; b) vinyl chloride gas (the raw material from which PVC is made) is the material linked to 45 cancer deaths throughout the world. All of the deaths were in employees exposed to PVC fumes during the expected to high concentrations of the gas for many years; and c) since "blowing the whistle" on staff in January, 1974, the industry has reacted promptly and diligently to eliminate any hazard to employees.

The implication of your article is that people are in jeopardy of getting angiosarcoma of the liver from floor tiles, plastic flowers, upholstery materials and packaging. This is as remote as suggesting that readers might contract cancer from contraceptive ads or take note from your magazine.

B. S. HAYTER

DIRECTOR OF CONSUMER
AND ENVIRONMENTAL AFFAIRS
SOCIETY OF THE PLASTICS
INDUSTRY OF CANADA
DOR MILLS, ONT.

Reflections on the 'terrible beauty'

Congratulations on *A Little Bit Of Hell* (May 7). To my knowledge this is the first mainstream magazine account on a Canadian magazine dealing with the atrocities committed by groups other than the IRA. The article must be a surprise to many Ca-

nadians because the facts do not fit the wish their preconceived views as perpetuated by the British propaganda machine.

Since I have been studying in depth the history of Ireland for a number of years, I can fully corroborate Hubert de Santarém's findings. His skill and bravery in the writing of this concise account is most praiseworthy and I hope that it is not the last of his articles on Ireland. They are needed to balance the one-sided picture that has been presented to date.

JOHN COLLEARY GRIMESY, ONT.

Never have I read a more biased piece of writing than *A Little Bit Of Hell*. Hubert de Santarém is obviously a sympathetic supporter of the IRA side in the conflict and the Catholic point of view in general. Only the atrocities committed by the Protestants are described in gory detail, only the explosions and their horrible results perpetrated by Protestants in Dublin are largely portrayed. No mention is made of the terrible slaughter perpetrated by the IRA in London or the fact that the Protestants committed atrocities as well as provided by months of brutal bombings by the IRA. The Protestants are portrayed as evil terrorists, their parents, Long Kesh, in comparison to Dublin, who are in reality Dublin was a thousand times worse and its victims demonstrably innocent. The "noisy room" of the Irish, where traders are slowly tortured to death are glossed over as if very unimportant, yet they far more closely resemble Dachau than it is usual to find the Englishman who is cruel! Incredible.

J. BROWN, MONTREAL

A Little Bit Of Hell has to be one of the



JOHN COLLEARY GRIMESY, ONT.

Editor's note
In *A Government Under The Influence* (May 17), a photograph was published of George Sinclair, Chairman of MacLaren Advertising Ltd. Although the story was basically about the Sky Shop, after it described some of the dealings that business firms, including MacLaren's, have had with the federal government. In this context the caption under Mr. Sinclair's photograph ("Sinclair (above) who's happy to have in the goods") was both unfair and incorrect. MacLaren's regrets the implication and apologizes for the error.

best articles written on Northern Ireland ever. Santarém went through the highly complex social and political issues for us, keeping them in their proper historical perspective. The wonder of it all is that he succeeds in clarifying the situation while remaining unbiased. This article is further doing injustice that MacLaren's has come of age to a number one newsmagazine.

JOHN BARRIEUX, RIMMINGTON

It is true any generalization is quite clear that the New concentration camps were unique. Hubert's piece is reminiscent of European Jewry were dismantled and worked on systematically—a plus of genocide set up over many years.

I believe Hubert de Santarém when he says in *A Little Bit Of Hell* how horrible was the Long Kesh concentration camp outside Belfast. But that the editors of MacLaren's permit him to describe it as a "men-Dachau" is stupid and disgracefully misleading.

I do not believe that the idiot and bigoted Protestants, or those other Catholics, the dogmatic-driven Catholics, have a plus of complex victimhood, one for the other—even if it is only because they lack the organizational ability.

Since it helped place children from the concentration camps after the Second World War, I will not tolerate the use of "men-Dachau" for so Irish prison that I am sure did not contain hundreds of children or a mind-boggling blueprint for genocide.

JOHN BARRIEUX, TORONTO

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Minister May? It all depends on who asks. I was disappointed in Meeus No (May 3) on Treasury Board President Jean Chrétien. Even a cursory examination of Chrétien's record should have convinced Glen Allen that the real Chrétien's "Minister No" image is in fact shared by a considerable number of voters.

I would be the last to deny that Chrétien has indeed effected savings in federal expenditures. We have all seen the hefty Treasury Board has been wading which has been viewed especially against those least able to look after themselves.

First hit was health care with the introduction of limits on federal contributions to the provinces under the Medical Care Act. Then came limits on funds for post-secondary education. Then, perhaps most

cruel of all, cutbacks in funds for much needed applied medical research—an area already starved for funds in this country. Housing did not escape the axe. CHSE was sent scurrying back to the drawing boards at the north lease with instructions to reduce in 1976 capital expenditures for housing programs to a little more than a third of last year's payout. Now we all face the prospect of high provincial and local government taxes in a result of the federal government's latest decision to underfunding and intensively reduce the amount of tax revenue it will transfer to the provinces.

Minister Grano and Quebec have raised confidence promises substantially.

Chrétien certainly can save money—especially where it hurts. But we should also look at where he spends.

Since 1968, we have seen a remarkable increase in the number of senior executives (60) employees in the federal public service whose current salaries range from \$27,500 to \$54,000. In 1968 there were 381 as employees in the federal public service. By October 1973, the number had jumped to 1,280. It is interesting to look at what happened in the Department of Indian Affairs and Northern Development of which Chrétien was Minister from 1968 to 1974. In 1969 the number of employees in that department was 16 and by 1974 the number had increased to 47.

Foreign travel is a big benefit of working for the federal government—at least in the upper echelons. Excluding the three departments (National Defence, Manpower and Immigration, and Industry, Trade and Commerce) who would not give travel expenditures, federal departments spent \$25.9 million between 1970 and 1976, sending an average of 6,667 employees per year on trips outside the country.

As the other end of the scale continued to reach more evident. Over the past few years, we have seen a significant increase in the number of temporary employees

which, incidentally, saves on supplementary benefits that otherwise would have to be paid to these employees. Between 1971 and 1975, 17 federal departments increased the number of temporary employees from 1,643 to 36,979.

DAVID DELBOSK, MP, WINNIPEG, MANITOBA

If George wouldn't, somebody had to.

In *You Can Call Me The Heavyweight Champion* (April 3) Jerry Glitski takes the Canadian Professional Boxing Federation (CPBF) to task most aptly for sniping George Chuvalo of the Canadian heavyweight title. Let's set the record straight: a) Chuvalo did not lose his title purely because of his big inactivity in Canada but also because he hasn't fought anywhere for two years. Totally inactive boxes should not hold championship, b) the CPBF cannot be held responsible for Chuvalo's inactivity—it's up to the fighter and his manager to secure fights and maintain a good standing in boxing ratings, c) before sniping Chuvalo of his crown, the federation once wrote to his manager, Rev. Vigorelli, inquiring about his boxer's status and intentions. At that time Chuvalo was not waiting or secretly seeking bouts and he appeared to be in retirement. No reply was received.

ALAN HAYTER, FIGHT VICE-PRESIDENT, CPBF, EDMONTON

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Change

BORN A son to *Victoria Fyodorova Poug*, the Soviet actress who was the love-child of American Rear Admiral Jackson R. Tate and Russian screen Zoya Fyodorova. During World War II Tate, stationed in Moscow, and Fyodorova became lovers, and on their last meeting—in May—they conceived a child. He was suddenly expelled by the Soviet government, and she was sentenced to eight years of hard labor for alleged espionage. The child, which they had agreed to call Victor or Victoria to celebrate the Allied victory, was raised by an aunt. Now 30, she arrived in the United States last year, was adopted by Tate, and married airline pilot Frederic Poug.

ENGAGED **Frank Sinatra**, the veteran of three stormy marriages, to Nancy Barbato, Ava Gardner and Mia Farrow, announced his intention to wed **Barbara Marx**, ex-wife of one of the more obscure of the five Marx Brothers. Zippo Marx and Sinatra, "Tony" and Ed, respectively, have been almost constant companions for the past four years.



HEAD One of Canada's greatest actresses, **Shelley Long**, who was playing Sarah Bernhardt in the off-Broadway and popularly acclaimed Los Angeles Sarah almost until the time of her death. She died on...

...I say open-heart surgery to replace a blocked valve, a heart attack earlier this year had not dented the 48-year-old actress from coscreening the Bernhardt production. Pelletier, who was comfortable acting in either English or French, was a co-founder of the production *Unlabeled d'un Nouveau Monde* (with Jean Gosselin) played in Montreal and Toronto; coscreened, and in powerful dramatic roles—Brecht's *Mother Courage* and Strindberg's *Doctor Of Dread*. For example—as well. Belmore people will probably remember her for her Celine in both the English and French versions of *The Plough Family*, which ran from 1953 to 1960 on the CBC. She had kept her almost a secret from all but a few close friends. Once she told an interviewer, "I would rank on in go to rehearsal—but don't press this. I don't want anybody to know of my illness. It's not important." Though weak, and forced to carry medication everywhere, even on stage she maintained "It's worth it when I go on stage."



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JUNE 14, 1976

Preview

Trudeau may find his visit to hot Puerto Rico decidedly cool

There will be a moment of diplomatic embarrassment in Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau and French President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing meet in Puerto Rico later this month. Giscard did his best to persuade U.S. President Gerald Ford not to invite Canada to the two-day economic summit scheduled for June 27-29. The Frenchman thinks Canada is not important enough to have a place at the meeting, which follows the economic confer-



Giscard if Jerry says no, it's risky

ence held in Rambouillet, near Paris, last November. Then the ex-autos on attendance—the U.S., Britain, France, West Germany, Italy and Japan—agreed to invite Canada. Giscard was pleased. Ford wanted Canada at Rambouillet, but the French insisted the idea. This time, with the United States acting as chairman, Ford insisted that Canada be present for personally contacted Trudeau with the conviction Giscard again objected to Canadian participation, but Ford felt so strongly about the matter that he issued a special statement. It read: "Given the close ties and cooperation between the United States and Canada and the fact that the meeting is being held in the Western Hemisphere, the President of the United States has invited Canada."

The next wine you hear... While some critics were less than impressed with the Shaw Festival's *Mrs. Warren's Profession* (see page 62), Eleanor Snodgrass, wife of Sam The Record Man Snodgrass and president of Aqueduct Records (Element of Aqueduct, go it!) was inspired. As a result Sam Kate Reed, one of Canada's outstanding actresses on stage (including the lead in the Broadway production of *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*), will go on record Eleanor Snod-

grass will produce the making of Reed's choice (without notes, "she is the music"). Reed joins fellow Canadians Lynn Boyd, the Canadian Brass, and classical pianist Azouza Kaciri, on the Aqueduct label. "It doesn't want people to be dead three times over because they're afraid of the talent we have here in Canada," said Snodgrass.

Put another nickel in: After years of talk and no action, pay television is a must here. As a monthly cost of about eight dollars, Canadians will soon be able to tune in a line-run Hollywood movie or a heavy-weight championship fight, uninterrupted by commercials. But first the government plans to ensure that at least some of the potential revenue—estimated at up to \$40 million a year—goes toward developing Canadian programs and films. Otherwise, pay TV might siphon off the most popular leisure films and sports events from the United States and leave regular television with a high cost in revenue loss. At one time, the government considered an outright ban on pay TV but now it seems likely that operators will be licensed. Communications Minister Jacques St-John believes



they should be required to offer some Canadian content and not just appeal to the "lowest common denominator." Another possibility: establishment of a CRTC commission to distribute all pay TV programs.

You pay your millions and you take your millions: He will probably be wearing an extra number four, but if and where



Boldreman: Kyrle had four, they're afraid of the talent we have here in Canada.

Bobby Orr skates on the ice for the start of next year's National Hockey League season it was the 11th Boston Bruins. Even before Orr's two-year contract with the Bruins expired June 1, Jack Kent Cooke's Los Angeles Kings and William Wirt's Chicago Black Hawks were making direct approaches to Orr's all-purpose coach, Alvin Epstein. Orr's 35-year-old wife, who's 35 inches, over five years—without compensation to the Bruins



Orr from the Eagle got a third for his

and without medical examinations on Orr's injury-prone knees. He played only 10 games last season after his fifth operation in eight years. The betting money says Orr is heading to LA, where the Impulsive Cooke is rumored to be willing to give him a portion of gate receipts as a thank to the highest salary in hockey.

If Cannes can, so can Toronto: At the Cannes Film Festival faded marvellously (see page 26). Toronto is ambitiously preparing for its own celebration, a \$300,000, 500-film "Festival Of Toronto" planned for October. Behind it is Bill Marshall, a film racketeer himself and the 37-year-old assistant press in Mayor David Crombie's office. Marshall tried to establish an international film festival in the 60s, but it was a two-ranker compared with Marshall's planned one. "What Cannes is to spring," he announced, "we're going to be to 96." The federal government has committed \$18,500 to the project (along with over \$22,000 for 25 other Canadian festivals this year).

Macleans/JUNE 14, 1976

Canada

Habitat: living up to all non-expectations

The unseasonably vicious wind and rain had already chilled most listeners to the bone. In the name of the new social and economic order, they sat huddled in a large, drily, converted art store bazaar while a development India activist put the damper on a major conference that was barely under way. Bill Wilson, a former executive member of the Union of British Columbia Indian Chiefs, was talking wildly about the Canadian government's treatment of natives, but he was also talking about much more. The attitude of government, he said, Wilson, to give the disappointed "a conference and a little money, let them blow off steam, and they'll go home thinking they've accomplished something. I suggest that that is what Habitat is all about—verbal diarrhea."

Habitat, the United Nations Conference on Human Settlements (over four years in the making at a cost of more than \$15 million) to Canada, the host country, unfolded in Vancouver this month. And to some it seemed to be a show well worth the money. Where else could one envision such a smorgasbord of images, ideas and intrigues?

The show got under way as thirty black women draped delegates and diplomats into the cold grey drizzle of a Vancouver morning to attend opening-day ceremonies at the Queen Elizabeth Theatre. Vancouver Mayor Art Phillips, who did not wear the red rosette in the first place, shook hands affluently with Kurt Waldheim, secretary-general of the United Nations. Waldheim in shaking hands even more affluently, at least while the cameras whirled, with Mexican President Luis Echeverria Alvarez, who happens to wear his job and is said to have considered Habitat the first priority. Prime Minister Jean Trudeau was on hand to pose as a messenger of love in his speech to the Habitat assembly, and his wife Margaret turned journalist for a television interview with architect Ackmeier Teller. Earlier, Teller himself, standing in the rain during a cocktail party at the Vancouver Aquarium, earned on what appeared to be a serious dialogue with some dolphins.

Was it all, as a local newspaper columnist suggested, just a "theatre for the few" for more 4,500 delegates and 1,500 reporters from 134 countries, with enough intellectuals of repute in town to make the intelligence quotient to a respectable level? Or was it, as British economist Barbara Ward, a leading participant behind the confer-



Third World delegates at the opening assembly in Vancouver. Habitat's future is "world's simplest task" (left), Glegg and Trudeau (with Teller) already. Trudeau's "first hour" in the world's simplest task.



ence, part, the beginning of new hope for the world, a grand conceit on the part of rich and poor states to come to grips with the major urban problems of the day and begin the reconstruction of the new social and economic order?

By the end of the first week, it was difficult to say. Habitat never ceased to pour out resolutions, declarations, amendments, position papers, and press releases—mountains of paper that threatened to engulf even the most cautious members of a new order. At the same time, it was difficult to avoid seeing the cooler reason inherent in the idea of well-funded, well-trained delegates coming together to open new frontiers for themselves while leaving millions around the world with no money and no money in their hands. Typically, Trudeau was at a cocktail party for 3,000 people, while the guests sipped champagne and nibbled smoked oysters and shrimp and where Third World delegates appeared to be nervous for their newly acquired status. As one East Indian consultant on developing nations pointedly remarked: "No one (not on the streets) has ever heard of the new international economic order." Some people do seem to suggest, were too busy living the poverty.

It was largely left to Barbara Ward, described by some as "the most intelligent woman in the world" and affectionately dubbed "indispensable entity" by participants in the conference to provide an ongoing perspective and to dispel some of the cynicism surrounding such an elaborate and loose-ended affair. "We are all going to behave outrageously," she pointed out on the eve of the conference, when she and two dozen other global thinkers, including Poller and architect Margaret Teller, issued the Vancouver declaration—a list of proposals meant to prod government delegates into meeting their needs and their countries to radical change.

Some of the resolutions—entirely one designed to control land speculation and another aimed at imposing a moratorium on the adoption of nuclear power generation—were exactly as Ward had promised. "Time bombs go off in various forms." That included the Canadian delegation, which ended up warning down the and speculation resolution and merely submitting to Trudeau's view on the other—that nuclear power was still very much needed in the world and that the Liberal government in Ottawa would continue taking power plans to developing countries.

Trudeau's own performance at the conference was certainly controversial and, in the view of some, still the impressive. In a keynote address, he put forward for "a conspiracy of love" in the city hope for survival in a world whose population is expected to double to eight billion within the next 30 years. In such a "human balance," warned Trudeau, it will be necessary "to love one another, or you will perish." He

Canada at Habitat: a waffling we will go

It was midway through the Habitat conference and, as one outsider delicately observed, Canada was not looking good. "Everybody knows that—even the press," suggested Diane Ransaul, a former executive assistant to superior economist Robert Ward. Like many others, Ransaul felt that on what emerged as the three major issues—land reform, nuclear power and clean water—Canada worked hard in being ambiguous.

On the issue of public land ownership and wasteful real estate profits, Canada found itself lined up against such "revolutionary" countries as the United States, Britain and the Netherlands. Wasting that the Canadian public was not yet ready to accept the use principle, which states that "all of the public value resulting from the change in the use of land must be captured by the community," the Canadian delegation, in an effort to water it down, insisted that the public is entitled only to "an equitable portion." Instead Bill Ward, Alberta's Minister of Housing and the man who introduced the Canadian amendment, "life live in a world of reality." But at the conference Habitat Forum, Canadian delegates responded with words of defiance. What Yukon should have said, they insisted, is that we live in a world of compromise.

Then there was Barbara Ward's call for a moratorium on the use of nuclear power as a source of energy. Saying that he still believed in the future of nuclear power, Prime Minister Trudeau actually dis-

fringed Canada's continuing sales of nuclear generators to foreign countries. "We must not," he said, "take a dog-in-the-manger attitude and say that it's our technology and it's too risky for you black people to use because you're poor people." Among the prominent people who denounced the prohibition of nuclear energy and who, then, stood opposed to the Prime Minister, was Maurice Strong, the head of Petro-Canada, the government-owned petroleum exploration corporation.

The third issue on which Canada waffled wasn't supposed to be visible: Barbara Ward, as a plea to the conference to "avenue the world," pointed out that it would cost only \$30 billion over the next 10 years to give every undeveloped nation in the world clean water. How, she wanted to know, could any affluent country—in a world that spends more than 10 billion that amount on arms—fail to consent itself to a resolution that would save the lives of thousands of thousands of children who die from drinking impure water? Bill Ransaul, her former aide, was more vocal. "Governments are going to give to the fact that they actually have to spend money for this, whereas they can beggar around forever with the land question at no cost." True to form, the Canadian delegation, led by Justice Minister Ben Rindoff, refused to be pressed down on either figure for the water project, which prompted one disillusioned observer to remark, "They were waffling on a methodical note."



Barbara Ward, Habitat's secretary-general (left), Maurice Strong and Barbara Ward looking on as a moral time bomb explodes in the face of the world's work to do.

added: "In order to survive, we will have to sacrifice ourselves and not more. From a human viewpoint, it means loving one another. We will thus have not only to love

one another but love one another in a way which will require of us an unprecedented degree to change ourselves." Trudeau's philosophic light brought a

posed rejoinder from Mosler Teresa, the Albanian-born founder of the Monarchs of Chantry whose work is centered in the shorn of Ontario. Tradeau, she said, should put his ideas across better by sharing his own material, verbally, with someone who has none. "I think if he [Tradeau] and those people who are involved in this drama of improving and changing," said Mosler Teresa, "begin with themselves, it will be a delicate change."

Scout of Tradeau's remarks on the site of nuclear wastes seemed to contrast oddly with his earlier sentiments. Canada, he noted reasonably enough, possesses a "very high technology when many countries are allowed for energy. They need it (nuclear energy) not to build it, but to improve their living standards." As for the risk that other developing countries might like India, he Canadian nuclear knowledge to produce weapons, he fearfully observed that "you've got to live dangerously if you want to live in the modern age."

There were other discordant notes. From the start, the prospect had loomed that the presence of an Israeli delegation, as well as observers from the Palestine Liberation Organization, might give rise to propaganda material. It did not. While Waddell was content to note that Palestine was not on the conference agenda, Tradeau's view was that it might not be a bad thing if the issue was raised. "To make sure that the individual nations, the problem, understood the message here."

In the end, the Palestine delegate surfaced both in conference committee meetings and before the plenary sessions. When the Saudi Arabian delegate demanded that the Palestinians be permitted to return to their homeland in large numbers, he said, "to this world." Later, when the head of the Israeli delegation rose to speak, Saudi Arab and African representatives stepped out in a silent protest.

Mosler, as the main conference, housed in the high-rise hotel of downtown Vancouver, sandwiched through glitzy rooms and shimmering corridors, the time between Ward had been so proud of was exploding with far greater activity in the hallways. The pre-planned conference organized by the government of Congress with the aim of providing Habitat. It was only a 10-minute drive from the downtown area to the 175-store Forum site at Jericho Beach Park, but the scene and social moods were light-years away. The Forum, more an abandoned chamber of hatched air force hangars, had been turned into a monument to the doctrines of ecology and citizen participation. Meeting rooms were melted out of alcoves, there was an associate and beautifully functional main plaza, built, crisscrossed with hand-sanded, brick-levelled seats and weaving ladders covering broken windows. For the sheer fun of it, a socialite with a 100-foot-long yellow cedar bar (and to be a centerpiece for the Gowers Book Of

Accord) deposited important women and men.

A social centre, offering a range of entertainment that included the Vancouver Symphony Orchestra, local jazz groups and a children's series, was housed in a large room seven on the site and quickly attracted the attention of Vancouver's literary-begone set—eluding the scene for who the Habitat official nostalgically described as "an arid, arid Woodstock." That seemed a fair enough description of the scene, given the fact that the session of Forum, funded by the federal government to the tune of one million dollars, were drawn from what Forum manager Al Clapp called an "alternative work force"—employees from contracts to PeDeWo, once had January, transformed the site.

As the building of the site progressed, Clapp, a former TV producer, went through a series of image transformations. At one point, he was regarded almost reverentially. Most recently, also what some saw as rather heavy-handed demands of lay-offed members. Clapp, 47, emerged as a vaguely fictional figure not entirely loved by his handwriting staff. Clapp, however, has been very happy with the circumstances surrounding one of his ventures—the social centre—which some workers called the house that cocaine built. In the last twenty days before the Forum opened, according to reports, there was "snow" (cocaïne) catalyzing at the centre, there was real snow on top of Mount Winkler. "Anything to keep going," said one on-site reporter, a construction



Morris and Tradeau exchanging obligatory smiles. If you can't beat 'em, join 'em.

vised for this month to discuss what comes after wage-price controls. The talks could turn out to be the first in a series of meetings of C.U.C. government discussions. Perhaps more significant was the C.U.C.'s "Manifesto for Canada," adopted in Quebec City, which endorsed the principle of government economic intervention—provided that organized labor is given a voice in the decision-making process. "There is no real choice here," declared the manifesto. "The economic problem has to be solved; the economic system has to be managed more effectively, some measure of private decision-making power has to be taken over by the government." That represented an abrupt about-face for the C.U.C., which only two months before announced recommendations to the federal cabinet, attacked government interference in the economy and yearned for the good old days "free from meddling of governments."

What prompted the turnaround? In part, it was brought on by direct confrontation. The C.U.C.'s March memorandum, with its call for tight money policies and government spending cuts, evoked a spirit of fiscal conservatism that did little to show the C.U.C. to be a progressive, social-democratic document. "I had to keep reminding myself that it wasn't coming from the Chamber of Commerce." More fundamentally, the changed attitude on the part of the C.U.C. was brought on by the simple realization that controls are not going to go away and that, with or without labor's views being considered, Ottawa was going to begin planning for the period after 1975 when controls are due to end. The government's "new society" planning film is already in work and it is considering, among other

steps, but some C.U.C. leaders are inclined these days to sound surprisingly amenable to some form of compromise with Ottawa. After all, says Don McLaughlin, the conservative secretary-treasurer, economic planning requires people to accept less, whatever be business or labor or the public."

Not your average court case

Don double-digit inflation constitute a national emergency of a magnitude equal to war, an outbreak of plague, or of famine? And if it does, was the government of Ontario right in allowing Ottawa to impose its prescribed cure in the province? These were among the questions before the Supreme Court of Canada when it held hearings this month on a constitutional challenge to Ottawa's 1974-1975 Anti-Inflation Act. In deciding the case, the court would be making history if it upholds the law—as it is expected to do—the court would establish a broad, new interpretation of federal power in the economy.



Markham and Lock in (above) and a group of them, including (below) an anti-inflation 100% rate to 10.5% the last time the court, but it's not yet.

Not the least, experts mark as the way of concrete results from this month's labor-government talks, except, hopefully, an agreement to meet again. Ultimately, says Morris, labor wants to live in a world of "the level of power"—including a say in the investment decisions of business and the planning decisions of government. The first test of Ottawa's intentions could come on the highway rules for transportation insurance payments proposed by Finance Minister Donald MacDonald in his May 35 budget. If an indication of its willingness to cooperate with labor, Ottawa decides to back down on that issue, it would naturally expect a quid pro quo in the form of labor acceptance of Office restraint. Officially, the C.U.C. is reluctant to make any such concessions to the standards future, when hearings on the constitutionality of Ottawa's controls program opened before the Supreme Court of Canada on May 31, the C.U.C. was ready with a brief challenging the government's actions in imposing controls (see following

position of central power in practice. If, on the other hand, the challenge to controls is sustained, it could throw the federal anti-inflation controls program in into doubt. Central to the case was Section 91 of the British North America Act which allows the federal government to invade provincial power in order to "make laws for the Peace, Order and Good Government." In the past, federal power in that broad area has been defined in generally narrow terms. But the challenge to Ottawa's wage-price controls, brought on by Markham, Ontario, schoolteachers whose pay increase was ruled back by the federal Anti-Inflation Board, laid this issue open for judicial wrangling.

The federal case, carried on by Ontario's most ardent advocate, J.J. Robinson of Toronto, likened inflation to a looming "holocaust" that was "the less an emergency than war." Robinson argued that Ontario's minority Conservative government had the constitutional right to enter the federal inflation program—and impose Ottawa's controls on the province's public service workers—without approval from the legislature. Indeed, with Ottawa's Ontario Attorney General Roy McMurtry (see page 52), he submitted that economic conditions laid full were "sufficiently abnormal so as to give parliament authority to deal with them." That view received qualified support from Quebec, Saskatchewan and British Columbia—though consent for who still felt was insufficient evidence before the court to justify Ottawa's emergency intervention. Toronto lawyer Ian Scott argued for the Canadian Union of Public Employees that sweeping federal powers to regulate the economy posed "grave risks for our confederation."

In an attempt to dispense the existence of a crisis at the time Ottawa introduced controls, the Canadian Labor Congress





Lalande, who knows what he wants, and Taylor, who knows only what he doesn't

Moriches and Sudatchewsky objecting that the plan was not genuine enough. The four Atlantic provinces said fully they could not afford the plan. But the mayor, naming block warden James Taylor, Ontario's new Minister of Social Services, sat mostly through most of the meeting, then blasted Lalande's proposal as just another ploy on the welfare quilt. Rather unhelpfully, he added that "we're looking for something simple," but decided to elaborate.

There are still several corners of heaven open in Ottawa, each with its attendant problems. The government could open its credit for the working poor, paid currently out of the federal treasury. But at a time when it is fraying family allowances and cutting back on unemployment insurance, that seems unlikely. Another possibility, suggested by Lalande, is that Ottawa introduce income supplements without unanimous provincial consent and hope that the provinces join in after the fact, as they did with Medicare during the 1960s. The problem with that option is that in all likelihood, the have-not Maritimes could not afford to pay their one-third share even if they wanted to. Thus, if Ottawa were to go ahead, the plan might lay upon one of the country's poorest regions. **BY TIMOTHY HART**

NEWFOUNDLAND

Dr. Carr and the desperados

Two years ago, a pair of local fishermen grew suspicious when they spotted a yacht idling offshore on a beach at Tom Cove, Newfoundland, about five miles from St. John's. They thought this contraband house was probably being brought ashore. When the yacht subsequently foundered in a nearby cove, proved to be worth anything different: two tons of marijuana with an estimated value of \$12 million. When a British-borne physician,

Dr. Michael Carr, 39, went on trial before the Newfoundland Supreme Court this month, charged with smuggling drugs, he had a minor tale to tell—of a residence with Colombian guerrillas off the coast of South America and of cocaine by a pair of mysterious Puerto Ricans.

Carr, who settled in Newfoundland in 1965 and once served as mayor of the fishing community of Carleton, insisted before the all-male jury that he was a victim of circumstance. He said that he sailed for the Caribbean aboard his yacht *Corvus* in June, 1974, with two friends, Angella Rothwell and Christopher Webb, star

being offered \$300,000 to take a charter party from Antigua to Boston. But in Antigua, Carr testified, the men who had arranged the supposed charter told him they wanted the yacht to take marijuana to Canada and that Carr's fee would be \$100,000. Angella Rothwell, 30, who was along for the trip and was arrested at the same time as Carr, told the court that when she tried to back out of the deal two Puerto Ricans, known to her only as Cesar and Roberto, warned that she would be "one dead breed if she left the island [of Antigua]." Carr's wife of 18 years, and

Carr, too, testified that his life was threatened. He told of being driven blindfolded through Antigua for a rendezvous before being ordered to take his yacht to Colombia. Carr and Webb testified that the *Corvus* was intercepted by guerrillas off the Colombian coast and escorted into the port of Santa Marta. According to Webb, the two Puerto Ricans told the Colombian army how bringing the marijuana down from the hills in trucks.

If the jury found the tale of intrigue gripping, it was somewhat less disposed to believe it. After delving for two hours and 45 minutes, it brought down a verdict of guilty. Carr was sentenced to eight years in a federal penitentiary, but the state will not send there. First man, four of them Newfoundlanders, are still being sought by the police. Carr has been a killing away the same since his arrest nearly two years ago writing a book which he plans to call *The Web of Wind*. **EARLE HUCKLEBY**

Well, so much for humble beginnings

Twisted away in the collective unconscious of Canadians is a warm memory of the log cabin—first an ethereal front of logs that could be put together cheaply with materials readily at hand. With housing prices still rocketing skyward across the country, might not a return to the simple charms of your own make economic sense? Not necessarily. Intent on traveling the last bit of log-cabin building, a Calgary firm called Viking Log Builders Ltd. has constructed one cabin at Prince George, etc. and currently has another under construction in northern Calgary. Cost of the three-bedroom, two-story Calgary cabin: \$75,000, plus site valued at \$30,000. The reason for the high cost is the meticulous craftsmanship that must go into a log cabin. "If you build a log house in a poor way, you can't live a warm house," explains Per Arne Hegg, a Norwegian-born master builder who teamed up with two other men to form Viking Log Builders five years ago. The timber needed for the Calgary house cost only \$4,500. But four months are required just to prepare the logs, which are



Hegg's cabin: a 600-year warranty

cut and smoothed with such precision that no caulking is necessary. Such houses, built along traditional Norwegian lines, stay sound for as long as 500 years, says Hegg, and he estimates that finishing costs should be up to 35% lower than for a comparable frame house. Hegg would love to live in one of his own log houses. "I'd go right ahead," he says, "if I could just afford to buy a log lot."

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Page 74

Blessed exile

While Trudeau declines and Marchand fails, Gérard Pelletier has found sanctuary in Paris, the wisest, perhaps, of the Three Wise Men

By Marci McDonald

On Parliament Hill two life-sized called "Sky Shops" are rambling through the maze of the Commons with the enormous sweep of a marble, but this is another country. Here, as a soft grey Paris twilight settles over this magnificent mansion behind the high stone walls of the Rue de Fashberg (not Havel), a photograph of a young Gérard and Alex Pelletier. He has his tripod out over the prison (and the sea) of the grand salon where marquis and duchesses once bowed and raved. His strobe lights glint off the gleaming ivory and gilt 18th-century furniture which casts upward its mild banquet shadows to enhance fat-dressed pork chops brooking in the flames above. He focuses on the two figures posed on Louis XV chairs in the centre of the room, but there is something vaguely wrong with the picture. Alex Pelletier's simple grey suit is wronged in all its essential and known detail. Behind her, her husband's figure, dying for a cigarette. They stare up into the lens like trespassers who have just strayed into their neighbour's room and been caught out guilty. All at once Pelletier looks to the camera, both out a Grimace, lights up and lets a drizzle from his lower lip, shades of the long forgotten *Le Petit* editor "it's a bit overbalancing this and that" he chuckles softly.

For the moment of life we see just one of Gérard Pelletier, a man of little love talk and no pretensions who has suddenly found himself here in a room of pomp and politeness, the endless splendor and exquisite details of the court of Gérard of Havel—a man who spent the last 10 years of his life in the desperate dream of trying to bend his native land together and now wakes up half a world away in this plush-lined suite he has chosen as his second home, a sanctuary and place of refuge in France.

For most his been plagued by one weakness. He was the perennial second politician who could never again fall in love with the press, the culture, the art who loved the arts and tried to democratize them but in the end was vilified by the country's artistic elite, the formidable intellectual who came to be criticized for his philosophies among his fellow intelle-

tuels of Quebec. Too short, too taciturn, too unassuming, no starting speaker, he was the very antithesis of the backslapping personalities, but he spent the best part of his political life making to the road to peddle the Official Languages Act, the most difficult selling job of all. The conversions of his headbanger he picked through, performed may be done more than any other legislation in the past three decades to change the face of Canada, and yet they may have done more too, to cement the divisions within it that he so hoped to wipe out. In his own province he became a pillar, a symbol of the hated federal presence, and in the federal capital a symbol of the feared French threat. Along the way the man who gave his entire political career in the service of federalism and bilingualism may have been its victim, a scapegoat in the official language war. There are some who say that Gérard Pelletier left the Secretary of State's portfolio by choice, exhausted, others who say that as the Quebecers too freely identified with the man that the Liberals like to blame for the 1978 election he had to be pushed. The only thing that was clear in the end was that he longed for his end. When his old friend the Prime Minister offered him this safe passage last summer he did not hesitate. "This year or next year," Trudeau asked, and Pelletier took back. "This year," he wanted out," he says. At the last, the man whose name was once on the tip of every newscaster's tongue as the defender of the Congress of Young Canadians, Opponent for Youth, Liar and the crowd-baiting center had work to such a low profile that it took news of his resignation to remind him the country that Pelletier was still there.

When he slipped quietly out of Ottawa last fall, it was a neat decade after he arrived—almost 10 years in the day since that news Friday in the fall of 1965 when he Jean Marchand and Pierre Elliott Trudeau emerged from 14 hours cloistered in a Montreal hotel suite to stand before the popping flashbulbs and announce that they were dropping in that he took the federal Liberal party off under and great expectations. The Three Wise Men picked to

make their pilgrimage to Ottawa bearing the banner of Quebec, no more cost to them, to stand for one sacred Cause, to show that French-Canadian politics did not mean corrupt pork-hurling scandal-midden politics. Now, 11 years later, almost eight years to the month since they swept into power on the great brother-in-law count-down of Trudeau's man, their fine federal dream stands fragile and shaky, their government rocked by a better pork-hurling scandal centered in the very heart of French-Canadian politics, the country disintegrated and bitterly divided, the Three Wise Men in tatters. Trudeau, the bachelor monarch, has become one of the most despised politicians in Canada, his popularity steadily eroded, an overwhelming 49% of the last Gallup poll to odds with his actions. Marchand is a man depleted, in failing health and faded power, relieved of his Transport portfolio after being charged with leaving the scene of an accident, then eased back into the hinterlands of Transport where he had fighting spirit, reluctant to make embarrassing press announcements or deflect blame of scandal. Now, to fall out from the Sky Shops suite continues to swirl around them and stage even those in the toughest places, there are some who say that Gérard Pelletier, the last of the Wise Men to come to Ottawa and the last to get out, may be the only one to emerge from it with his reputation unscathed, the wisest man of them all.

In the elegant beige grey-clothed expense of his offices just across the street from the improbable chic of Christian and Baby Dior, Gérard Pelletier scans his appointments schedule. Mornings full of meetings, afternoons crisscrossed with the infinite confidants of country clubs, evenings even in official occupations. "Do any of these have any meaning?" he asks in a soft, haggard, in the social bookings. Gérard Pelletier is not a man who has spent much of his life doing things without meaning, and there are those of his friends who were

The Pelletiers in Paris: for those not of the inner circle, manners intimidate



SHE WOULDN'T GO TO OTTAWA. HE LIVED THERE WITH HIS 'MISTRESS'—CANADA

Rather than to hear of his accepting the ambassadorship where the intricate diplomacy of cocktail-party chatter was dangerous, then Pelletier himself was taken aback with the proposition, the memory still fresh of those rare hours when he would find himself in Ottawa's diplomatic court and then to Alex to whisper, "Who would even want to spend their life doing that?" In fact, he'd already made arrangements to go back as publisher of a leading Montreal newspaper when Trudeau called to convince him that the job in Paris would merely be an extension of what he'd been doing in Ottawa. As sure as the news leaked out, most of "Sous-ciel" went apoplectic, which he attests by brandishing his appointment book. "I have them there. This is damn hard work."

But for nearly two months he could not do the damn hard work he came for, dogged by someone even less where he languished, writing to present his credentials to Girard d'Elving, who always seemed to be too busy to receive them as he wrote, sent up on the Oppenheimer branches back home. "A deliberate snub to Canada—[in fact], scorned Claude Wagner, assuming that France-Canada relations had a low second only to these dark disaster days of the Guelph and Five de Quatre (Pelletier all the while protesting that there really was a good reason for each one), and that the French were being very nice and apologetic about it all. If there is a good deal of legs to his explanation, it is true that had the French decided to become nice and apologetic they

would have made special arrangements to avoid that embarrassment to a country with whom they had so newly restored the diplomatic relations after five rocky, papal-filled years. "You could always say they could have gone out of their way," he says now discreetly. "Our Girard apologized profusely when I met him. I think it was just one of those incidents. . . . The man who once dispatched a reception guest because he was "too short" has since done some considerable healing of his diplomatic skills.

Indeed, in France it is no secret that the Elzyre Palace was delighted with the appointment of Pelletier, a fellow nationalist and the man most likely to have Trudeau's ear. It is an apprehension that cannot last now as he sits out on his retirement high-wire act, using the delicate balance from source to source, once more the unlikely someone that first picking the controversial link to the Commerce Minister that Canada wants so badly and to which Girard holds the key. Still, it is clear he is holding in the national breathing space. "Even the time I proposed would be damn long, have been uninteresting," he avoweth. But the real job has been Paris, France, the city of his youth, the streets he roamed 30 years ago making fast his friendship with the man who was to become the fifth French Prime Minister of Canada. "I'd just enter when Pelletier was an editorial lambasting college newspaper in the radical Catholic youth paper he was editing and Trudeau passed a mocking rebuttal. "It made me laugh us, that I thought, 'I must meet this man.' " So the members found he did and found. "At 19 he was exactly the same as he is now—a tall, people-at-large, and at the same time very gentle. We became friends almost immediately."

It was a sudden romance. Trudeau the weekly "Weekend" soon met Pelletier the son of the Victorian railway station

agent, the house of 10 children born to a great great of a self-taught man whom he worked as a logging post office clerk from cancer before he found his near-year-old son. However, much of the fact that all three Wise Men lost their fathers young, certainly it left its mark on Pelletier who recreated his books with a reserve that strangers were hard to mistake for coldness. "It's not a main doctrine," he shoulders still, "I had nightmares about my father for years." He was sent off to classical college on the wings of his father, then signed on with the World Student Relief Movement, chasing for a glimpse of western Europe but once he had found in Quebec City 19 to see a ship called the *Normandy*—"the first time I had seen a French word on anything larger than a bicycle," he says. "This is something one must understand about those French Canadians—we find very isolated in the world."

Later when he found himself in France, meeting from buffet table to bloody buffet table, he was not so happy about every weekend in Paris, hounding the left-brain cells and hammering out the words that were to be his fight in the *Journal de la Presse* and the *Journal de la Presse*. "Can you imagine this city without cars?" he remembers as he drives off to work in his tiny black Peugeot financed through the traffic jammed Champs Elysees. "The streets are so wide, they're so wide, you can sit on a bench all day in a restaurant where he sits out of a glass of good Bordeaux. "In those days you'd be sitting in a restaurant where there would suddenly be a blackout," he says. "But we would just put up with it, and then there's the coming of the war. . . . They were so good at debating on the future of Canada, oppositional discussions on the issue of Communism all around them. "The rest of it was a momentary twist by sentiment," he says, "but Trudeau would come down with a mood like a cutting knife."

He had been back in Montreal two years as a \$40-a-week labor reporter for *Le Devoir* when they were married. Trudeau just returned from his world travels and staying along on an assignment in Pelletier's inherited right-hand-drive-Songor, off to cover the long, bitter Atlantic strike of 1969 which was to be the turning point of Quebec's social history—and a hard time if only joined up with the fiery, lightning-burner minister of Quebec labor, Jean Marchand. By the strike's end, they had been married, Pelletier had signed on to edit the paper for Marchand's Confederation of National Trade Unions and they had organized the *Club Libre*, the ruling party of a whole generation of young Quebecers brought together to build the reputation of the Duplessis regime. They were the wild-eyed young radicals, the steady-eyed young Turks, their glider to free education from the hands of the church, branded heretic. Trudeau, however, from the University of Montreal, Pelletier (receiving his

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IT'S OUR FATE TO BE CRITICIZED, BUT TO BE CALLED A TRAITOR COMES AS A SHOCK

don't lives threatened and even their stomachs warning them that they would be punished for the sins of their father "Oh, Mère, Mère," they would wobble home crying, "Is Papa really a bad Communist?" He wanted to pull Québec into the 20th century," he says. "We were the revolutionaries of our time."

Only 20 years later it's hard to remember Thériault to recall that Trudeau's whipping boy of organized labor was once in Québec during Thériault's time as the Prime Minister who broke his government's involvement in the deadly scandal, the judges' scandal and the Sky Shops scandal once ruled in Civil Liberties against French-Canadian parents. "We carried out seminars, we were blacklisted at the time, we put pressure on the courts, we defied the attorney and we obligingly took the other way at graft when it concerns our interests." Was it only 20 years ago? Pelletier, symbol of what a while ago Québec has come to regard as the reactionary establishment, says with his brochette de rogues: "Time passes," he says.

Alex Pelletier ignores his spinning scarlet-carpeted staircase of his now second-hand home with repudiation, her voice hoarse in a conspiratorial whisper. "The first days here, they said to me 'Ah, you live as one of the great houses of Paris'—the refs her eyes. "All I could think of was that cooking fork, that great grandfather. I was overpowered by the house." It took the first power Pelletier children, who descended into Christmas, moving through the little hotel and into

the Montreal student movement just before the war, both French-Jewish, hard-bitten, busy-body, same. It was David Girard and Girard never sold Oh, no! We felt we had to be very strict, very pure, very disciplined," she laughs. Now, nearly 40 years later, through the bird's-eye of the Duplessis days, the baron of Civil Liberties played a role in the student's going to Ottawa, they are each other's best friends. Alex Pelletier never did move to the nation's capital—"a company town," she says. "I never did want to be one of those women who was the impression of their husband," she says. She stayed in Montreal, taking what was left of her career after he became Secretary of State and she had to give her CEC and National Film Board work to a kind of conflict of interest charges, running their first free-speech chapter to give out their own beliefs with noble success.

Pelletier, on the streets of his youth, where he and Trudeau argued and argued.



Alex Pelletier: Paris is not home, not Montreal, but she has her husband back.

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After Marie, one of the girls for the war and André, a talented actor, appeared in a film. Celine, his wife, raising a minor sensation in her father's house. "It was a pack of little wolves descending when he'd come home on Saturday," she says. "Oh, how we'd greet to him as every year—tell him how the industry people felt." Alex Pelletier never opposed the War Men's country, though she wished her husband not from one to another for a decade, trained and educated. "For 10 years we waited on the telephone," she says. "For 10 years I'd take my little bag to Ottawa to have a massage. It was a grinding life. But you can't remember anything from the big days in Ottawa."

When he came to her last summer with news of Paris, it was an secret that she was relieved. "At first I thought he was crazy," she says. "But it was a relief with a little more dignity. It's a third career, a more secret life. In politics you're out in the cold any minute. They drop you any time." Now is the makes her way here through the bedrock of diplomacy, because by the time of court, putting it all down in her journals for some very future revision, she knows some secrets—"the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," she says. "I've never once in my life said 'Pelletier,' she says bitterly, "it takes everything from the man."

For years, these blacking it all out like the "blamed" chain of some former newspaper, as the "no honor" I don't say it counting the steps in the staircase—and that's not the only one. It was a matter of emerging out into the confusion to face the things that such new learning seemed to bring. There's a secret in a soul now in Ottawa who would not agree that Girard Pelletier was a good person, a person of great intellect, character, with some of the most important and impossible tasks in the Trudeau regime, responsible for some of the hardest in his life in the government's record of legislation, architect of some of the best of the program in spite with the best of times of the decade, but as a politician he was abysmal. At successive acts seemed to see that he could happily take to the same piece for hours, never catching on the air of good-humored. They thought to see him during before the 1970s in explanation of a very bad remark, the career honest side that they knew suddenly taking on an air that was necessary and shyly destroyed by the very machine that had created Trudeau. They declared to see him on the language of English Canadian talking of "cultural imperialism"—too wise, too much the philosopher, falling flat and in the end, because of it. "It's the fate of a man in public life to be consumed," he says. "We did it in the government before now. But when you discover the next generation is not only judging you in the back but denouncing you in a mirror, it will come to a shock."

Initially, he was in a state of the best of politics that kept him locked in his working-classing of blacking, as time went on, the blacking over a long fight, not the same way to go—less the Liberals learned only too late when they saw the unassuming, pompous Pierre Trudeau on a quick stage in his white hat. For the rest, Pelletier regarded it as a duty, an eternal challenge to be met in, he never had the taste for it in his blood. Although one of the voices Trudeau most trusted, he never traded on it. With a certain freedom, he called him "the man," never Pierre. He kept his distance, watching from the wings as his old friend slowly became more isolated, scorned by his police guard. If he was weakened finally for the cause of freedom before he could get his cherished film policy on the books, he was not asking. He was ready, no more at distance. "I was tired," it all he says. The relief now is still in his voice.

Pelletier had never planned to get caught up in politics. Had wanted to get it just as it did it wanted on part of him. It was blacked when the Liberals were reared, at Marchand, the spotlighting of paper of Québec where they carried for three years until he finally gave in and said he would come to Ottawa but not without his friends. If the Liberals were mostly enthusiastic about being faced with Trudeau, the one who had been a professor who had more than one pub-

lity buried them and pledged for a while, they were horrified with the prospect of Girard, Pelletier—Pelletier, who had saved them only in La Presse. In fact, as they headed to the Warden Hall negotiating their entry, Guy Fauriol, the party's Québec lieutenant who had already been severely wounded by the Louis Ravelle accident, said the whole time holding a Pelletier suitcase downing his own resignation.

In the end Marchand forced their hand with a press conference and they stood together for the photograph—the picture now a secret photograph. In the center Marchand, the star, in one side,

Trudeau, and on the other, Pelletier, in a blue jacket and pants which did not match who could have guessed history from that photograph? Who could have foreseen that the blue jacket of Guy Fauriol in the background was already broken and would die in the year—destroyed, as Pelletier was to write later "by politics." That the shadow men beside him, Louis Ouellet, the Québec Liberal began to be held outstretched it all and was later to be rewarded for his pains with a Senate seat, would now stand charged in two acts of conspiracy in connection with influence peddling and as one of them from the Liberal Party in the Sky Shops office?

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The unthinkable Jerry Brown

Can a Jesuit-trained, Zen-oriented bachelor and political hippie hope to become leader of his country? Why not? he says.

Look at Pierre Trudeau

By Charles Foley

Jerry Brown was chatting with reporters some weeks ago about labor laws and various scandalous matters when he offhandedly said that, by the way, he planned to run for the Presidency this year. Eyebrows that up, jaws dropped. One photographer lost hold on a camera while he hit the floor with a crash. Everyone laughed, and one of the older newsmen placed a trembling hand over his eyes. You people don't do things that way in politics in the good old United States of America. A Presidential campaign is launched after careful planning, calculated suspense, then a dazzling declaration with bands, flags and pom-poms galore. But the 38-year-old governor of California had not told even his family what he intended to announce. "It's the Brown style in its purest form," chuckled an aide. "Nothing is prearranged, everything evolves."

But having followed the fortunes of Edward Gerald Brown Jr. since he became California's chief executive 17 months ago, I doubt that his announcement was entirely spontaneous. He thinks these things through, working for effect. He may

play the naive young David out there with only a sling to slay the Goliath of big government, but he has one of the sharpest political instincts in the game. He says that he is serious as his bid for what Americans call the most powerful job on earth, but it isn't. Or does he simply want to lead a top-making California delegation to the Democratic convention where he would have a key role in picking the party's nominee and drafting a platform? Or is he perhaps, sagging for the vice-presidency? Maybe he means both, although it's clear that he really can see himself occupying the Oval Office. "The convention is very open, with no real front-runner," he says. "If we're going to get America back together, it is time to try something new, and I'm the newest thing around, so..." So young Jerry Brown, without big-money backers or a political machine, without even a campaign manager or press secretary (not at first, anyway), plunged in. He admits to "a very low anxiety in the political business," but then goes to meet the opposition and that he was aiming too high and too soon for the governorship, didn't they?

His first entry in the Presidentialistken, the governors Brown, present (far left), and past; the "New Politics" was effective, but Dad's connections didn't hurt



I DON'T LIKE THE DUMP. \$1.5 MILLION AND NOT A BLADE OF GRASS AROUND IT'

On May 18 Maryland privacy, loan some credibility to his White House aspirations. He won 49% of the popular vote compared with only 31% for Democratic first-runner and therefore "sure thing" Jimmy Carter. His victory, in the peculiar American primaries system, gained him an delegates to the Democratic nominating convention in July, but it established him as a national figure to be reckoned with. If he was in California (Mondale's west) he would have the state's June 5 primary; he won Idaho 280 delegates to the Democratic convention and would strike to the delight of the anti-Carter forces in the party—stop the former Georgia governor from winning on the first ballot.

What Brown has going for him is the highest approval rating (almost 90%) in the history of poll-taking. He fascinates people. He excites the media. The New York Times calls him "the hottest political property in the country." The *Journal of News*, *West*, *The Press*, 60 Minutes, *Reader's Digest* best a public to his door in the recent



state capital of Sacramento. Some 200 lesser newshawks went for an interview and with the conversation in New York only a month away, interest is surging. Why this emerging national figure over a provincial phenomenon? Part of the secret is his gift for earning publicity. His already scheduled a column in far from mainstream, a low-a-mass philosophy. Zen readings and mooning retreats—make headlines.

The Reagan-built 'Taj Mahal' Brown returns to live in, and Brown campaigning in Maryland only a part-time resident.

He shares the vast new province's mission as a "Taj Mahal" (which gives rise to the question: would he live in the White House?) In style he is a descendant of Pierre Trudeau and indeed he was encouraged by Trudeau's early insights. As

BROWN FOR PRESIDENT



he mouth it, Trudeau "inspired" to success on the Canadian scene like a stone through a stained-glass window. Like Trudeau, Brown was Jewish-trained. Like Trudeau, he's an individualist, in passion and politics a man who challenges conventional wisdom, a flexible theoretician. Both men approach public life with a rare blending of opportunism and ideological commitment. Brown, who was heading for the priesthood, renounces a bachelor. But, as he points out, "that didn't stop Trudeau, did it?"

Jerry Brown grew up in a world of political comings and goings. As a child in the 1940s, while his father was running for San Francisco district attorney, he was taken to meetings, rallies, political parties. Even his sports were political—he went with Dad to the Olympic Club, where overnight politeness to work out and talk shop. The pace became more intense as Pat Brown rose in the hierarchy, ending up, as 34, as the governor of California, and a "liberal" candidate for the Presidency. Young Jerry is remembered by his teachers as over-Catholic, parochial schools as a huge nation boy who bared to us all. Perhaps in search of a refuge from the frantic pace of his father's life, he decided, at 13, to enter the lonely, quiet medieval atmosphere of the Sacred Heart Novitiate among the rolling vineyards of Los Gatos, north of San Francisco. There he stayed for four years, studying to become a Jesuit order in a place that was more like a privilege—20 minutes after lunch, 30 minutes in the evening, during an annual retreat eight of 30 days were spent in total silence. "And I am a talker," says Brown. "At first, keeping silent gave me a physical pain in the neck-

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BEHIND THE LIBERAL POSTURES IS A FISCAL TIGHTWAD, AND MAYBE EVEN A COLD WARRIOR

ach. But in case you learn to be quiet, one needs time to be oneself." The seventy years, and the slyness he inherited from his mother, have made Brown a somewhat difficult politician. He is impatient with small talk and can be cutting. At a cer-

mony honoring his 73-year-old father last year, a reporter heckled: "You must be very proud of your Dad." "Be quiet," said Brown, without a trace of emotion. The newsmen seemed to be more confused than offended.

The Jewish engineer, it is sometimes said, made of Brown the only politician in America with a bona-fide original sin. He is rarely the only one able to expostulate in Latin or Greek who has also done so in English at a victory. The Brothers were expected to pack a ton of grapes a day in their vineyard. "That's about 50 boxes," says Brown. "And it's hot working those fields in summer. You have to move fast, you

can't go down on your knees, you stoop, and you learn what farm labor is all about." The experience left Brown with a deep sympathy for Cesar Chavez's efforts to improve the lot of nonunionized farm workers. After leaving the senate, he marched with Chavez in a 1968 drive to organize vineyard workers.

Why did he leave the senate? Because, he says, he never began to relax. "My poverty wasn't real poverty—I had all I needed, no worries about my next meal. I was very engaged in the world, and I was not a form of withdrawal from human beings." So at 25 he received his dissertation from Brown and transferred to the south—the Jewish world of San Francisco in the early Sixties, as coffee shops and poetry tend to go, the start of the counter-culture explosion. He attended the state's most radical campus at Berkeley and later ("no my father's great idea!") entered Yale law school. After joining into the civil rights movement he spent six months traveling through South America. "Where I loved the concept of books a day, like everyone else." Then he joined a Los Angeles law firm. Vietnam, at last, spurred him into political action. "There I was, stuck in this law office, growing about the war but not doing anything to stop it." He joined the Democratic Party's left wing and before long was at work on Senator Eugene McCarthy's 1968 campaign for the Presidency.

In 1968 young and still unknown, Jerry Brown ran for a seat on a community college board. He was easily, largely on the strength of his father's name, and completely out about winning the election (aided by supporting radical causes, including a ban on nuclear testing in the cafeteria). A year later he moved for the traditionally obscure office of Secretary of State, a position held for 60 years by one man and responsible for such areas as cattle brands and laundry marks. Again he won by a large margin and, to the horror of the old guard in Sacramento, discovered the long-forgotten fact that the Secretary of State was responsible for election laws. Brown set out to enforce them, including some concerning campaign contribution. The politicians did not know where to call on the books. His drive to clean up campaign funding ran into heavy fire from Democrats as well as the Reagan regime and its allied backers. But Washington changed minds. As the scandal grew throughout 1972 and '73, Brown found himself becoming a popular hero. The crowd the public heard about Richard Nixon's laundered Mexican money, the more Brown's tough battle to reform campaign finance legislation of secret campaign funds looked good to voters. In 1976 through by a huge margin and on the crest of the wave the new Mr. Brown began his drive for the governor's seat.

But Brown's election as governor in November, 1974, was unexpectedly close. Perhaps his father's reputation as a liberal

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Elkine, 57 million) agreed that the Governor could answer both questions and answers. The reporter came away with 30 hours of tape and the impression that Brown is "the least boring politician in America." He is also very much a fixer on TV. "He knows all about lighting and makeup, what camera angles work for him," says a director.

The Governor has his critics, of course. Lately he's been getting a few bad reviews from radicals, liberals and big labor allies, the main charge being that despite all the lofty rhetoric, he has yet to do anything very serious. "If you want to understand my philosophy," says Brown in reply, "read this." He means, before you're a copy of *David B. Browne's* by Brockton, Ontario: *Elkine Schanbacher*. As it turns out, this modest 1972 paperback questions the worship of unlimited growth and posits "a technology suited to the human scale of a given community." Brown likes Schanbacher's notion of Bouldrian economics as opposed to the economics of materialism. (Why assume, he asks, that the man who consumes more is automatically better off than one who has a lower standard of consumption?) The Bouldrian would think that highly materialist, Soviet consumption is merely a means to human well-being, the aim should be to obtain the maximum of well-being with the minimum of consumption. Picking up not far behind is his appointed a futurist disciple, Dutch Professor Sjoen Van der Ryn, an architectural and Van der Ryn has set about building solar habitats to cut down state energy bills. "Lower your expectations," Brown's favorite slogan reads in the *Spec* of Schanbacher. "Don't expect government to be a panacea, a solution to all human problems. Remember the lesson of Vietnam: The war isn't working! Throw in more money, add more planning, call on the Harvard PhDs, send in more planes, tanks and troops. Finally you get real catastrophe, and you're in it."

If radical solutions demands peace, progress legislative honesty lists but Brown's style is to question everyone respectfully, and to insist that the things he does not do (he has his, for instance, nuclear assault) may be more important than the things he does. His inquisitorial, Bouldrian-style style has infuriated many people, and even the Reagan-appointed rector of the University of California, "His inquisitorial, Bouldrian style," accused him after Brown proposed that the university president (who at \$60,000 a year and some pension perks does a lot better than the governor) should take a pay cut along with other senior academic. His labor is also asked by Brown's associate, "A very brilliant, low-key agitator," says Jerry Wolf, boss of the 100,000-strong American Federation of Teachers, County & Municipal Workers, one of the AFT's fastest-growing unions, which he failed to elect from the Governor the answer he was looking for.

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If Brown has the backing of some state labor chieftains, such as John Hennings, secretary of the California Labor Federation, it's largely because they believe his candidacy can help them live cheerfully the summer. Robert Humphrey, 57, Brown's swing California, the largest dick-poon in the country, behind Humphrey, he could expect to lead the vice-presidency. They would make an odd couple: the Boston-born Minnesota is your rich-potterly wheel-chair-pedals, an advocate of big government and much more than a neophyte to Brown. Could he support a President whose enthusiasms include an immense federal jobs guarantee program to be paid for by untaxed growth? Well, no, it seems he could. "Like Humphrey," he says. These little words that perhaps it'll move about the ambitious Governor does much of his rhetoric. Love competes all and Brown possibly decides to rule out the possibility of joining the Humphrey ticket. And if Humphrey failed to complete his term—his age 65 and a history of suspected bladder cancer might bring it to a premature close—Brown would be ready to take over.

Whatver suggests Brown must expect to take some hard knocks from rivals over his inexperience and his refusal to take a clear stand on many issues. More nuclear power? Very complex—let's wait and see. National health insurance? Maybe it can be squared with his "let's let it be" but on the other hand... Unemployment? Inflation? If he has answers to these problems, they have yet to emerge. Brown can point to some successes, chief among them the agreement he secured between Chinese and agribusiness or a farm labor collective bargaining law, the first in the United States. But even that languishing, starved of funds by lawmakers who complain that the Governor's labor board is stacked against the growers.

What sort of President would Jerry Brown make? A pretty conservative one for all the loose posturing and claims to represent a new wave in politics. As governor, he's good into law such areas as a liberalized insurance industry, a so-called "right to life" rights, and higher taxes on oil companies—but these were all moves dictated by the legislature. Brown, when it comes down to fundamentals, is in agreement with public money favors a strong defense policy ("We must be prepared against Russia"), wants controls properly punished (and might even support a death penalty) prefer big business to big government, and thinks Nelson Rockefeller didn't move fast enough to crush the Arabs, just rebellion. He was once (the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries) and the United Nations to stop trying to push America around. ("We've become a big dog for other countries") takes a dim view of welfare and thinks stocks on U.S. institutions and the media have gone too far. It's an odd lot for Democratic voters to swallow.

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that the company go ahead with the new camera system anyway, knowing full well that Polaroid would probably sue.

Seven years ago, Kodak scientists went to work on their own version of an instant photographic process. They wanted the camera to be simple to operate, easy to

carry and capable of producing high-quality color prints. But where Polaroid had to make use of a small group of scientists working in Cambridge, Kodak was able to call upon a cast of thousands in Kodak plants around the world. Technologists in Harrow, England; Vancouver, France; and

comparisons are the used each camera to photograph the same subject; here, in words and pictures, are the results and evaluations.

The SX-70 at \$225.00, the EK-6 at \$79.95

Arnold Maggs, one of Canada's outstanding photographers and who, like the Kodak SX-70 and the Polaroid SX-70 for the weekend



Sharpness: I found portraits taken with the EK-6 (right) were not as sharp as Polaroid pictures. In fact some of the close-up portraits were slightly fuzzy. This probably means that Polaroid is using a better lens than Kodak. The Polaroid viewfinder makes it easy getting used to I found the Kodak viewfinder easier to compose

with but didn't seem too useful. Looking at the SX-70 screen with a Polaroid-type viewing screen, and a split circle viewfinder, making it possible to focus with less degree of accuracy



Colors: I found the two cameras produced very different colours. The SX-70 (left) is right

but wasn't quite as bright as the SX-70. The SX-70 is a great camera for landscapes at the beach. It's simple, fun, easy to operate and cheap. However, if you are the kind of person who is also into serious photography and can afford it, I recommend Polaroid's SX-70.



Observations: One Kodak is fixed on the Polaroid (left), with the ability to focus down to 10cm (more-nearly) Kodak's automatic distance is slightly under four feet. However, when both cameras are the same distance from a

Rochester began development of a new "amazing chemistry" for the film. Researchers in Rochester worked on the camera. The prototype was called the Plywood Browne. Whole new buildings were constructed to house the machinery but that would turn out the camera. The result of all the research and development is the SX-4 and EK-6 instant color cameras, which were introduced in Toronto and New York in April. Mindful of the need for a media splash, Kodak Canada gave out the new models to each of the 40 reporters who attended the Toronto unveiling. The cameras, said Kodak, were not gifts but "evaluation units."

The Kodak EK-6 does the job, but it lacks the prestige of the Polaroid SX-70. If only because the SX-70 was the first, it continues to fix the imagination on its originality. Not only did Lund wear the camera, he invented most of the technology that went into it. To create it, he and his people had to invent or discover whole new techniques in chemistry, electronics and optics. If any one of the techniques failed, the SX-70 was doomed.

One of the most confounding things about the SX-70 is the film. Lund, who is a bit of a camera nut, did not want his customers leaving garbage all over the country, so the negative and the final picture had to be contained in the same package (this was not the case with the original Polaroid camera). The film and would, in effect, become a tiny development kit. To achieve this he had to create a substance that would cover the picture while the developing chemicals went to work and then disappear so the final picture could be seen. And the dyes that colored the print had to be extraordinarily permanent. A team of 75 chemists worked for four years to produce the film's chemical that Lund called an opacifier. On November 5, 1969, 50 of the company's top scientists crowded into his color lab and cheered as the opacifier slowly disappeared to reveal a perfect color print.

The camera structure itself produced almost as many problems, not the least of which was the delivery system, a complex series of screens that result in the photographer being able to hold the finished picture behind. In the SX-70, it starts with the button. When the button is pressed, two of the mirrors move up, allowing the image to reflect light to the film. The shutter opens and closes, recording the picture. The exposed film is pulled forward to a set of rollers which crank a line of pods containing the developing chemicals. The chemicals spread across the face of the exposed film. The film is then pushed through the rollers to the outside. The film exits in a few seconds and the camera is ready to shoot again. All this takes 15 seconds. In order to make this happen, Polaroid scientists had to implement a small motor that would give off enough heat to melt the wax that holds the film in place. The solution was the nose of a child's rattlesnake toy with a Po-

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second scene found in a hobby shop in Kansas. Even with all that technology, the creators had to have a power source. Since Land was adamant that the camera could be no thicker than an inch it was clear that the battery would not go in the camera. So they put the battery in the film pack. The battery is less than one quarter of an inch thick, is disposable and yet throws off enough power to generate the complex array of electronic pictures.

All told, the years of development, the new technology devised probably cost the company half a billion dollars. The most serious was unconventional, even dangerous in terms of the money involved, but it has never been jeopardized by controversy. "It's the only reason I did all of this because I knew I loved to take pictures and there just wasn't any good way of doing it." The camera was more than an industrial development for Land; it was a manifestation of his ego, his creativity and, some say, his arrogance.

Edwin Herbert Land was born in Bridgeport, Connecticut, the son of an Yankee peasant. In high school he had near perfect marks and was ahead of his teacher in the understanding of physics. He went to Harvard but was too depressed with his own experiments to finish his liberal education. He became interested in optics in his teens and in 1928 he developed the process of "polarization" of light. He created a new genre that Harvard taught in such a way as to remove glare. He founded the Polaroid Corporation in 1937. During the Second World War, he found ways to remove glare from bombights and goggles. His first notable civilian use was a pair of Polaroid sunglasses. Land is a perfectionist. He gets up at six thirty every morning and begins his day with a series of beamed phone calls to key employees. If a corporation can be embodied in one man, it is Polaroid. There is an official copyright. Land dominates the company's full corporate functions. He tends to be conservative in unfulfilling objectives. "We try to do a few things intelligently"—write words that the company be a progressive corporate citizen. After the Kent State murders of 1970, employees were urged to send a message of their clothing to President Richard Nixon at company expense. Some 2,000 employees responded. Even Polaroid's competitors admit that Land has to be ranked in any roundup of technological innovators with Edison and Bell. Still, wonder that he responded as he did to Kodak's challenge. They were not merely trying to copy a camera system, they were trying to replicate the genius of Edwin Land. It could not be followed.

Polaroid has a complete and versatile in the industry of a computer. By its ripple effect, products are granted or denied access to the market, and companies lose and the according to the volatility of their patents. A patent fight turns judges into engi-

neers, takes years to solve and disappears the brain of any layman foolish enough to study these issues of detail. The principle is straightforward but rather admissible. If you invent something new in the world, you should be awarded, temporarily, to the right of exclusivity. There was a rough system of patent protection in force in Venice 500 years ago. In 1623 in the reign of James I, the English parliament passed a law of monopolies, providing protection for any "new method of manufacture" for 14 years or twice the length of craftsmanship in Canada and the United States, a patent lasts for 17 years and it is common sense that a patent fight could last almost as long. The job of the patent lawyers is to educate the judges in the technical characteristics of an invention or a process so that they can make an enlightened decision.

Kodak responded to Polaroid's U.S. suit at a matter of weeks. It was understandable in its policy for the U.K. and F.R.G. Kodak never lets at the remarkable technology Polaroid developed. Rather it applies this instant photography was there all the time. Like uranium, and Kodak is simply mining it in its own way. Officially Kodak said that Polaroid had "intentionally violated patent applications to be exceedingly lengthy, obscure and virtually inimitable...and which obfuscate the alleged invention therein." Unofficially, Kodak succeeded in being chased off with Polaroid's suit. "Lords of people invented ours," said one maligned spokesman. "Dr. Land [the trial is too easy] suggested an instant camera and so did we—understandably. We've got so much right to invent as instant cameras as he. And we've got as much of a right to a share in that market as he. Just because they're trash and we're big doesn't mean we are going to sit back and let them keep their monopoly forever." The litigation hasn't stopped Kodak from launching an intensive advertising campaign in Canada. Between now and the fall, Kodak will tell the public about its new camera with balloons, television spots, newspaper ads and, beginning this month, full color magazine inserts. To get further stated, Kodak will pay up to 100% of dealer advertising costs.

All this for a camera that whirrs and bounces and produces a color photograph in only a few minutes. More than an instant is an instant. It is an antidote to a patient of memory in a society that bought the electric toothbrush and the hair curler. It is a testament to America's role and power in the world. It is a testament to the fact that there is no instant camera in the glove compartment. Yet, yesterday, there is something about a single frame of film that is as much as a 35-70 or a Concord or a Polaroid as a testament of accomplishment. It is a testament of ingenuity. The color cameras of Polaroid and Kodak do more than take quick photographs, they stand as a testament to the society and society that made them possible. ☐



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"Every so often, I get this 'saudade' for Portugal."

Robert Leclair of Montreal reminisces:

"The other night Mane and I turned the lights down, cracked a bottle of chilled rose, and put Amália Rodrigues on the record player (she's Portugal's most famous fado singer). Gosh, we were feeling a bit nostalgic—what the Portuguese call 'saudade.' You know—those interwoven, I want to go back again blues? We've been in Portugal so often (we got engaged there)... but we haven't been back for a couple of years. With the political situation and that. But that's all quietened down now."



Anyway, We got to reminiscing about all the good times. We remember the little sheltered beach nobody but us seemed to know about, where we'd line away the mornings—sometimes I'd scuddle and watch the colored fish. And that little baria Corvino—so inviting and friendly—and so cheap—a big cold bottle of excellent white wine costs about 15 escudos. That's about 60¢ in Canadian money. And a tiny seafood restaurant right beside the sea, with the fishing boats bubbling outside. Seems now like people in Portugal

were always singing and dancing. Mane adored the street dancing, loved to join in. What music! "Zezerecins" recordings—trumpets—even bagpipes. And usually under fireworks, like the sky was celebrating too. Well I loved the food. Especially the seafood—what a choice! I found roast lamb better than lamb mostly (Mane disagrees). And all that

peppered charcoal-grilled chicken? So much to remember. The cruises. The golf courses. The churches. The dancing girls! (Mane snuck her tongue out at me that). And the bull-fighting. We went to a bullfight one night called "Amiga portuguesa" a great show with 19th century embroidered costumes and tricornes and puffed cannons. In Portugal you know they don't kill the bulls.



Mane became an aficionado on leaving that! I always have been—I've never seen more skillful performers. Well, you can guess what all this nostalgia led up to. Mane and I are going back to Portugal this year. Back where everything we love about Europe seems to all come together for us."

The sparkle and gaiety of Portugal are waiting to welcome you back. And this year, take along our Silver Platter Card and get special, variable discounts on hotel rooms, car rentals, shopping... even bottles of wine!

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two weeks (plus air fare). We've got lots of booklets and folders available. They're packed with beautiful color pictures which will give you a glimpse of what's in store for you. See your Travel Agent soon or contact The Portuguese National Tourist Office in Toronto or Montreal... and Come Again to Portugal.

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The World

Britain: the sick man of Europe takes another turn for the worse

People, including the British themselves, have been writing Britain's economic obituary for centuries. Sometimes, though, the country has always "raddled through" and somehow its citizens have continued to improve their living standards, albeit by going ever deeper into debt. Suddenly, the moment, the pessimists are looking better in the "back seat of Europe" looks impossibly worse. Whether Britain is now a terminal patient or can make a recovery is moot. But certainly the economic crisis which has burst over James Callaghan's Labor government is the worst in years, perhaps since World War II. The question now is whether Callaghan and his hems trust of Chancellor of the Exchequer Denis Healey and government House Leader Michael Foot will be able to cope.

The problem facing Callaghan, who took office in April after Harold (now Sir Harold) Wilson unexpectedly moved down, are staggering in their scope and complexity. The once proud pound has become an international joke, lurching downward day-by-day to new-unheard-of lows. (By June 1 it had reached \$1.73 U.S.—a devaluation of almost 40% against other major currencies in the past five years—and the notorious national magazine *Private Eye* was warning about the inevitability of the "70-cent pound") Inflation, though improved substantially from the 30%-plus rates of a few months ago, can now rise as high as it does in most of Britain's competitors—a fact which dashes the country's always forlorn hope of trading its way out of trouble. Unemployment is at 12 million and climbing. The government itself has just budgeted for a staggering \$12 billion deficit this year (government spending in Britain has reached the dizzy heights of 62% of gross domestic product) and the country faces the unenviable prospect of getting "clutch up" on international bonds, as it is weathered after for a loan. These are dark days indeed for Sunny Jim, the 64-year-old Callaghan is popularly known.

The problems and their causal origins are familiar enough. A manufacturing sector only one third as productive per man as West Germany's, the stubborn and distasteful nature of Britain's class structure, a crippling tax schedule which, in earlier months, stifled initiative but which is essential to pay for Britain's massive social-welfare programs, a dearth of money resources sufficient to govern with judicial precision, and, perhaps most important of all, a shortage of confidence both at home and abroad that Britain can stop the rot.



Sunny Jim Callaghan: using a bit of sunny outlook being merry—not the best

Nevertheless, there were a few hopeful signs. Last month Britain began pumping and marketing oil from the North Sea, a potential bonanza that ought to help wade on the nation's chronic balance-of-payments problem. The trade unions appeared resigned to Chancellor Healey's further ratchets on pay increases. And there was evidence that the three great engines of modern Britain—parliament, organized labor and industry—were determined to work together where, in the past, they tended to pull in different directions. By less a figure, than France Thrift commented not long ago, "Everybody knows we're in this mess," and that was no remark that the United Kingdom had been like a soccer team with 11 coaches sitting on the bench while only one player took the field.

Gloom is not new to Britain, of course. If anything, the country has been badly served by a series of ill-fated leaders. But while the press swoons over every disaster and the leaders of British society fret and argue publicly about how to wash money down the drain, writers to Britain continue to wonder why everyone is so upset. The shops in London's glowering West End are chock-full of beautiful things at what seems to be bargain prices. The streets and highways are clogged with cars, many

of them luxury models. The pubs, as ever, are packed every night. Retires in their hundreds of thousands jet away to sun spots along the Mediterranean and even further afield. The pessimists overall is one of a happy-go-lucky nation of good times and better fun.

Before the surface, though, another, not so touchingly sunny, exists. It is the Britain of the beggared granny, moving into ever-less-impressive quarters in the century to avoid the brutal costs of life in London; the Britain of the frustrated worker, who earns an average of only \$8,000 a year and sees one third of that seized instantly by his government in income and social security taxes; the Britain of new manual slaves, where 1.8 million Asians, Africans and West Indians make up 1.2% of the population and compete with weakened British for extremely menial jobs; the Britain of rapidly swelling crime (murder alone was up 18% last year; homicides have doubled in a decade) and soaring alcoholism (consumption was up 75% in the first half of this decade); the Britain, added, that the doctors and gloom brigade has been forecasting for so many years. Poorest country in western Europe, save for the Heretic peninsula, Europe's least thrifty nation, according to a European Economic Community survey of

Harold Wilson's last laugh, or: Carry On Dubbing



Wilson plus his household members — Callaghan, Mills and Goldsmith rise above, but a MI common, like Tony Blair

What are a TV impersonator, a discreet policy, a tycoon with a fixed address and a family doctor all have in common? Answer: They are friends of Sir Harold Wilson, Britain's longest-reigning socialist prime minister. And that (for no one has yet produced any other convincing reason) they are a clutch of other unlikely individuals (and indeed three have died) to Wilson's titled classes. Sir Harold's common appointments (he then pointed out that some of them were "assisted capitalists" — capable of destroying socialism) led to revivals by Labor Members of Parliament and widespread suggestions that the fans would perpetuate the British tradition of granting titles.

Sir Harold, himself knighted by the Queen when he retired this spring, had been awarded according to custom to someone a reigning honoree (he). The consensus has been that an outgoing prime minister rewarded those who had contributed to the success of his term of office. That is how word that the Political House

Secretary Committee—comprising three elderly, retired, friends of Sir Harold's—had rejected some of the names on Wilson's list. (These letters have not done Wilson's "confused committee chairman Lord Callaghan. As public ceremony was stimulated, names were leaked to the press. Names given in Westminster, however away of these had no connection with socialism or good works.)

The most infamous of Sir Harold's 42 nominations was the award of the Order of the British Empire—was Mike Yarwood, a television comic who made his name by mockingly parodying Wilson. The most controversial was the knighting of Jimmy (now Jimmy) Goldsmith 43, a politician with a taste for gambling and high living. Sir James dantes to the knighting to Tony party funds and has personally advised former Tony leader Edward Heath in his business dealings. Sir James has a wife and two children in Paris and a mistress—Lady Annabel Bailey—in London, by whom he has another two children.

watched, broke out on the floor of the House of Commons. The Labor government, which was sent short of an absolute majority, had pushed through a bill dealing with nationalization of shipyards. When the bill passed by a single vote, out at the Speaker of the House, the Labor backbenchers began singing the Red Flag, an old-time favorite of socialists. Some Tories were incensed, and in the ensuing melee punches were thrown and one MP even scored the venerable mist and began to sing "around the ditch" the song of the women of the House. Add to the political noise the women over what has become a serious and bloody war over Northern Ireland and the common and now, apparently, unsatisfactory demands of the Scots and Welsh nationalists for their own legislatures and it is easy to see why no one outside Britain envies strong union jack.

Callaghan, who has a strong union jack

Among some newly crowned peers were some good people. Friends of Sir Harold's, Sir Joseph Kagan (knighthood in an earlier Wilson house) is a Yorkshire textile manufacturer who developed a lightweight, air-insulated coat which became as regular a prop for Wilson as his pipe. Another was Wilson's family doctor—whose brother happened to be the treasurer of the Tory party. Among the new knights, senior Stanley Baker and John Mills. Further down the scale came Lady Wilson's personal secretary, the rear chaperon at No. 10 Downing Street, and the boddy who guards the Downing Street door.

Tony Blair wondered how Wilson had managed to raise out his pet lapdog, Paddy. But while some were prepared to dismiss it all as post-humous (Wilson has a lively sense of humor), it was more than many in Labor could stomach. A substantial group put down an unprecedented motion in the Commons denouncing the party from the list.

JOHN HARTNEY

of the society we know and understand." If the Prime Minister—as supported by Jones, who merely called the British socialist employment who he called the Danish spirit the nation's hour-of-need—can keep the left wing of Britain (and Labor) on his side, then he will have a better chance of doing the same than with right wing, including the less obvious. Since self-interest and the will to survive ought to be enough to stimulate private-sector managers.

Callaghan's unique style will prove a bonus. Journalist George Cole, writing in *The Spectator*, observed: "He is all things to all men, he conveys a general air of amiability, he is not disturbing, he has a natural eye for the main chance and he can put on a good laugh at any time necessary." The Prime Minister is a spend on the left, at least in the eyes of his critics, under Margaret Thatcher, he is so busy to force an election and not being added with the problem. Opinion polls show the Tories leading Labor slightly, of the moment, and Labor took a slight leading in recent local elections. Nevertheless, Labor may be the party with the best chance of revitalizing the economy and restoring confidence. Top union management remains deeply skeptical of Tory policies, whereas top industrial management has been able to work passably well with Labor politicians.

As might be supposed, the British people's attitudes have moved on about the problems and prospects. Londoner Martin Rowland-Vaughan recently wrote in the *New York Times* suggesting that the U.S. Bicentennial was an appropriate occasion for a dating gift by the American people—admitting Britain as the 51st state. Other Britons were not so much, and at least some of them shared the attitude of Peter W. Cohen, business editor of the *London Sunday Times*: "Once there was an ideal known as blood, sweat and tears," says a striking and brilliant headline in the *New York Times*. "Wilson wrote recently: 'Well, more than two hours and the cherry tree and the Fiddlers' Part II. And then there was Watergate. So, which of us, do you think, with fate from the pages of history tell?" The British as Wilson's comments suggest are becoming a wide variety of attitudes, but they are in a collective danger. Besides, so they unconsciously remind one another, it is always difficult just before the dawn. *Sunday Sun* may yet jettison the gloom.

ALAN HARTNEY

ITALY

The middle-class priests

"Trattato" denounced the Vatican newspaper *L'Osservatore Romano*, referring to the small band of 11 Roman Catholic intellectuals running in the Italian general election. The Catholic Church, however, is not so much a religious institution, as a political organization. When Pope Paul called down on them on such points to the priests and asked what they would do to reform the order to his 20,000 parish

priests in Italy to go all out to prevent the Communists winning power June 20. The church is arguing that there is no alternative open to Italy's predominantly Roman Catholic electorate but to vote for the Christian Democratic party, which has governed, at the expense of its many critics, and supported Italy's center-right for the past 30 years. The lay political parties are up in arms about what they regard as unwarranted interference in Italian domestic affairs by a "papal power." A leading Socialist has asked the government to reconsider at the diplomatic level to the Holy See.

A well-known Socialist, Giuliano Della Porta, commented on the lay view of society: "The Catholics are the promoters of a system based on the accumulation of capital and on social inequality. It is time to talk about the Christian Democrats."



Berlinguer and Pope Paul: Is the threat of eternal damnation for all?

in a popular party. They are an unpopular party—against the people." The issue of the campaign is intensely divisive. The Vatican, having fought for years for the religious freedom of the millions of Roman Catholics living under Communist rule in eastern Europe, wants the clear consequences of voting the Italian Communists into government. The Communists mock the Catholics for displaying a "vicious mentality" and take a much more relaxed view of the alleged incompatibility between Marxism and Christianity. Many of the 11 million Italians who voted Communist in the local elections last year would declare they are practicing Catholics. One of them is Letizia Berlinguer, the wife of Communist party leader Enrico Berlinguer, who regularly attends Sunday mass accompanied by her children.

Berlinguer's trump card is that he can afford to adopt an extremely flexible ideological line as the leader of what the media has dubbed "Eurocommunism," a word

which can mean whatever one wants it to mean. The Italian opinion polls, which are not notably reliable, show the Christian Democrats narrowly leading the Communists. Short of last-minute drama, the election is not expected to mark either the doom of the Christian Democrats or the Marxist take-over of Italy. The reason is twofold: first, the proliferation of political parties (there is still, which effectively prevents either of the main contestants from gaining a governing parliamentary majority, and second, the incredibly conservative voting habits of the masses. The real danger is that the result will show no substantial change, and the task of governing the country even more difficult than before.

The Communists want to form a broad-based national "new-party" government with the Christian Democrats, who reject



the idea. The second choice of Berlinguer, therefore, is a popular-front government with the Socialists, if the two left-wing parties together achieve a 51% majority. But, that they would be a reversion of the neo-fascist coalition formula, which only recently was pronounced dead and buried. That would bring misery back to the point of departure for the current crisis.

What the election really amounts to is a credibility test for the Roman Catholic church, as political pragmatism the Christian Democrats, and the Italian Communists. The Vatican is not to prove that an analysis of religion (even if it is to order Italy's 50 million baptized Catholics. The Christian Democrats are out to prove that they are capable of renewing themselves and changing a style of government that has become severely compromised by scandal. And the Communists are so proud that they are on the same kind of Communism as their Soviet comrades, and that once voted into office they would behave like good honest officers. *DAVID WILKINSON*

but the team drew 364,000 to its first 25 home dates—up 30,000 over last season. Significantly, crowds are 15,000 smaller when Jones doesn't pitch.

Averaging a healthy .265 at the plate, the Padres are supplying Jones with considerably more offense than they did in '74, when they scored ten runs or less on 11 of his 20 starts. "He never lost his power," says Montreal's City Kirby, a former Padre and Jones's quiet-but-effective pitcher in the California weeks. "I always told him you had to be good to lose 21, because they're putting you out there every fourth day." Says Jones: "I don't ever want to forget 1972. Having a lot of success can be just like not having any success at all, because you just pressure on yourself. You can lose touch with everybody. I will draw that last between having my own freedom and helping myself. I hate him. Not a free kid, but a definite kid. I want to have time with my family—one daughter 17 months, and a baby expected in November—"As we don't lose touch. This game can leave you so quickly."

When it did, James began to use the business degree he earned at Chapman University College, near his Brea, California, home. "Actually, I thought the degree might help in negotiations," Johnson's agent says. So, Jones signed for a modest \$30,000. By comparison, the Expos are paying their prized lefty, Woodie Fryman (9-12 in 1975) an estimated \$60,000. Sever's contract calls for a maximum \$200,000 a year. Says Red's second baseman Joe Morgan: "Jones and Sever are

exact opposites, but they usually get the same result." This year, however, Sever's shoulder problems are keeping trouble-knapping up with the Kansas Jay. **BOB DAVIS**

You've come a long way, Patti

One of the abiding principles of endurance is that wounds are strongest at the top of a cliff than at the bottom. Appropriately, the people who planned the first leg of last month's Olympic track and field trials at Laval University (the second leg ran June 12-13 in Montreal) weren't paying much attention either to weather forecasts or topography. Laval's extended sports field sits squarely atop the heights of Quebec. When the wind is strong and westerly, as it often is, it is also in proximity of track and field performance as on East German's world



Billard Lovrenco: Olympic medal may be impossible but no longer impossible

records. And for most of the 150 odd athletes who robed track trials in Laval, just meeting the Olympic standard—the first hurdle on route to the games there—was a difficult enough without having to run half a 1500-meter race into a 25 mph head wind. In total, only 16 athletes met the standard and won their event—the dual requirement for selection to Canada's Olympic team.

Nevertheless, in these events not rewarded by wind, the Laval meet offered the best evidence yet of how far the track and field performance have come since the Munich Games of 1972, when Canadians failed to win a single medal. Last graduate Patti Lovrenco broke a 1500-meter (a Canadian record-breaking 32.6 seconds in the 200-meter sprint, Lorraine Dabbs' 100, recovering from a urinary tract infection, jumped 1.39 meters (an feet, 2.75 inches), and placed her Denise Jones beating up her Olympic confrontation with East German's Burglind Pollak and Jane Fredrick of the United States, outdistanced a weak field by just with 4,567 points, well below her personal best (4,723)

For Lovrenco, 23, who also ran a Canadian record (11.1 seconds) in the 100-meter sprint despite a starting jump from the starting blocks, the 2.6 time was solid confirmation of her international standing; it is the second-fastest time in the world this year—and only four tenths of a second off the world record held by Ines Dreweck of Poland. "There are areas of us who could conceivably win in Montreal," she effervescently notes of Canada, and later, "It just depends on who has their act together that day." Among those who don't stand to miss the event are Lovrenco's parents. "We've had our tickets since the first week they came out," says Verma Lovrenco. "That girl has secured this chance since she was 11 years old."

Not least deflected, the majesty of Can-



Billard Lovrenco: Olympic medal may be impossible but no longer impossible

ada's other track and field athletes have simply not reached world class. High jumper Billie Corcoran, that weekend is especially noticeable in the field events in 1975, no fewer than 26 eastern-bound high jumpers beat Robert Fogarty's world record mark of 2.2 meters. Among the men, the best 1975 field making was eleven—Bobby Delempewski in the discus. Among women, only Billie and discus thrower Jane Hess rank in the top 20.

Still, thanks largely to better funding and improved coaching, the Canadians have moved from twenty-fifties on the world overall in 1973 to ninth in 1975, according to Athletics, the Vancouver-based track and field magazine. "Look," says Lovrenco's manager, "In 1968 at Rome, the East Germans were nowhere. They didn't win a medal in track and field. Then the government started pouring money into the sport. How many medals did they win at Munich—18? Canada started funding the country's athletes in a big way and we snatched three years ago. I'm sure we keep a up for another 10 years, will be just as good." **MICHAEL POWERS**

Business

Why foreigners are buying Canadian: safety, stability and security

The last 18 months has seen the spreading of a new type of "internationalism"—which is what the financial industry calls the investments it takes to finance new nations and their economies. They have been for Canadian dollar Eurobonds. Overseas investors have been buying up interest-bearing bonds, they have more confidence in Canada than most nations in the world. And the Eurobonds have interest on the presentation of a coupon rather than requiring the holder's address, they are convenient for those desiring anonymity. With more Italy and southern Africa increasingly untouchable (over \$100 million was smuggled from there directly into Canada this year) that's a useful plan for many purchases.

Like any other bond, a Eurobond is basically a promissory note given by a corporation or a business money. The money being borrowed is turning back outside of its country of origin, usually by multinational corporations, who are obliged to have supplies of various currencies in the course of their international trading activities. By buying bonds, a higher rate of interest can be earned than if the reserves were simply parked in some local bank, yet such can quickly be raised by selling them in the marketplace. The seller of the bonds gets access to a new source of funds, often at a lower rate than he can obtain elsewhere, and with fewer such large time problems, depending on the currency he chooses.

This present fad began with the pole of U.S. dollars accumulating in Europe after World War II, which why it's usually called the "Eurodollar market," although it's now much more broadly, one promoter on the expansion frontier was the loan, which has dollar as a result in foreign made to European companies rather than the governments of the Cold War. The Eurodollar market does not fall wholly in the jurisdiction of any government, and its consequent freedom from regulation is a big attraction, even though the forces governing it are rapidly understood.

Considering Eurobonds are evidence of increasing international sophistication on the part of Canadian business, allows it to present financial show-ness. They really developed after Ottawa allowed Canadian corporations exemption from withholding tax, which was based on interest paid to foreign creditors. High interest rates and a Canadian dollar which foreigners thought unduly depressed, have been the flame. Since October, 1974, there's been 47 differ-

ent bond issues, for a total of \$1,268 million. Companies issuing the bonds range from Banque Canadienne Nationale, with \$15 million, to General Motors Acceptance Corp. of Canada Ltd., with a record \$100 million. Wood Gundy Ltd., the Canadian brokerage house, most heavily involved in organizing sales, along with a number of U.S. and European firms, including U.K.-based Union Bank, in which the Royal Bank of Canada has an interest.

By stimulating the demand for the Canadian dollar, since many buyers do not have Canadian money, the Eurobond surge has helped lift it to its current 34 premium over the U.S. dollar, which at one time reason observers expect a short fall in new issues. But Ottawa will probably alter their thinking interest rates, if a few Canadian industry's export competitiveness is suffering too much.

Detective story

In 1977, Douglas Elderly of Avonlea, Florida, bought 1,000 shares of North European Oil Corp., an oil and gas firm with programs in Germany, for \$254. Come World War II and Elderly was out of business, so he lost. He traced the share purchase to an old track in his garage. Twenty-two years later, now retired, Elderly heard of a Montreal woman who specialized in tracing stocks and bonds from the old record by memory, take-over bankruptcies and—like a later turned out—everywhere. So three months ago, Elderly set up shop as Michelle Mink, president of Stock Market Information Service Inc., a company that has been in the business since 1974. Mink's share were

worth \$46,222 and he was owed \$5,000 in stock-related dividends.

Mink's fee was \$20, a reasonable fee, but she was not a reason to smile. So, reports in U.S. and Canadian newspapers of Elderly's wealth have brought a rain of requests to her office, some from financial institutions, and named what was once a hobby into a healthy business.

Mink started into stock research in 1969 while completing a master's degree in commerce at the Université de Montréal. Inspired by the intricate design and engraving of old stock and bond certificates, she decided to paper a wall of her home with them. But digging into a number of books listing old companies, Mink quickly learned her planned wallpaper was expensive stuff. She had a career—and ignoring the admonitions of Montreal brokers who told her there simply wasn't enough business to make stock research profitable, the 36-year-old mother of three set up Stock Market Information Service Inc. to do it.

Mink relishes her new found fame. Several large institutions in North European Oil Corp. have written to her, saying they are happy to realize \$20 for a report on the security of their stock even though its value has been established. "It's that way of saying thank you," says Mink. Quoted on many other trades have come in and are being researched. And even before the Elderly episode business was predictable enough for Joseph Bonomo to quit the brokerage firm Bache & Co. Canada, where he was a security analyst, and set up a new firm to join her father in a vice-presidency. **VERLON CARR**



Mink and her inspirational wallpaper: not 'what's hot' but 'what's worth'



Jones: you can tell what you can see

Despite the rosy pictures they paint, a lot of businesses are in a lot of trouble

Business column by Peter Brimelow



Like buried whistles, Canadian corporations sense danger. The *Financial Post* and business page reports show that one of every two major vibrating through the icy sea. But the politicians aren't hearing them, and the fault is partly the corporations' own.

The basic cause is how to deal with inflation. Its impact, as analysed by Canadian economists Touche Ross & Co in a report just released, has been far worse than was generally realized. Using Statistics Canada figures, Touche Ross has calculated that the \$8.3 billion profits made in 1975, after being adjusted for inflation and taxes, actually amounted to only \$3.1 billion—not enough to cover the dividends corporations were obliged to disperse. They had to draw on their capital to do so, in some cases very severely.

Ironically, corporations received a boost in this area when they temporarily re-furting politicians and the public by apparently increasing earnings at a rate that made them bumpy targets. This climate is the result of traditional "inflation-proof" accounting methods. It's a complicated scheme, but basically amounts to a daily share of facts that ends something like this: When a corporation sells its product at an inflated price, it actually needs part of the increase to pay the higher price for its own supplies, in order to stay in business. But because the product is inflated there's no boost in when it cost for the corporation to acquire (rather than when it would cost to replace) the whole of the increase is regarded as income, and is taxed at almost 50%. Essentially, the company is being taxed on capital, and must continue to replace it. When it can borrow no more, either because it can't afford the interest charges or has no more collateral, it will run out of ready cash and, at least theoretically, go bankrupt.



There is evidence of traditional accounting and inflation is equally harmful for the capital base on which the corporation operates in day-to-day business. Normally, the corporation sets aside reserves to replace its plant and equipment as they wear out (depreciation), but these reflect only the historical cost of the investment—not what they would cost at currently inflated prices. Progressively, the corporation will be unable to afford refurbishing its plant, much less expanding investment. In fact, the postponement of expense decreases by Canadian corporations allowed by the extent to which they were buoyed on credit during the 70s means inflation will probably be felt in the form of unemployment and lower production for years.

Touche Ross agreed in its estimate of real profit by making allowances for the increased cost of depreciation and inventory appreciation, which has been rising faster than consumer prices. The accounting firm also points out that, due to the perils of inflation, a corporation that stopped making new investments might well become unable to pay substantial deferred taxes—in other words, its entire financial structure might start to come apart. If the inflation rate is too rapid, this happens rapidly. But it will happen eventually even at inflation levels normally regarded as tolerable.

Analysts have been confirming for some time in their strange language about developing a new "inflation-adjusted" system, which would reflect much more precisely what is really happening. They have come up with a number of ideas, and about a dozen corporations (including both Canada Ltd and Canada Cellulose Co. have expressed with them in their reports to shareholders. But overall, business has been reluctant to get involved, hoping instead that the problem of



inflation would somehow just go away.

The reasons are understandable. Inflation accounting deals in own currencies, and many of the theoretical questions it raises are still being debated. Until recently, a period that involved deflating all dollar figures by a fixed proportion was in vogue, now businessmen are supposed to establish the exact replacement cost of each individual asset. For men who have spent their entire lives thinking in historical cost terms, it all looks like a great deal of trouble, including the frustration of learning their trade all over again. Also, since the government normally loans taxes of historical cost and is unlikely to reduce the reduction in even an inflation accounting would imply, adoption of the new techniques would be essentially a public relations move, without the immediately obvious return businessmen expect. Worse of all, inflation accounting reveals what only professionals now realize, that many Canadian corporations are losing money or are uncomfortably close to it even though their income statements continue to produce profits. They're sinking deeper and deeper into debt, and their capital base is getting too narrow. It's much more pleasant to look in the direction of record profits, even if it does cur anger red-tails.

I find this hesitation normal. Politicians are reluctant to accept that they can't squeeze corporations much further and that they will have to allow higher profit levels. One stroke of the pen is the easiest federal budget, for example, reduced in half profits while the Treasury corporations are allowed under the Anti-Inflation Board regime—just when they were getting up courage to point out that this wasn't enough. It's hard for corporations are using deceptive figures they can't expect anyone to realize the truth.

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"You can spend 30 years creating a superb whisky. Then, in 30 minutes, the taste-testers can write it off."

Jack Baker had faced many tough tests during his 30 year career as one of the most respected and knowledgeable men in the Canadian liquor



THOSE TESTERS PROVED ONE THING TO ME THAT DAY.

business. But on this particular day, he faced his biggest test of all. Top Secret, the eight-year-old rye he had developed, would soon be sniffed, sipped and gargled by a panel of expert taste-testers, including one of Canada's top tasters. A shake of the head, a shrug of the shoulders by the panel and Jack would have to start all over again.



THAT HALF HOUR SEEMED LIKE 30 YEARS.

Jack Baker was no novice at blending whiskies. He had ru-

perived the process many times as Executive Vice President of the distillery that had employed him for 20 years. Only this time it was different. He was working on his own blend. The one that would bear his name. And to make it tougher he was shooting for the smoothest rye yet produced.

Under Jack's supervision, the blenders used the liquors from many different casks like an artist uses colours. Blending. Tasting. Blending again, until everything was just right. The youngest liquor was a well-aged



TOP SECRET IS GOING TO BE A WINNER. OR MY NAME ISN'T JACK BAKER.

eight-year-old, with other well-matured liquors added. When Jack had finished he knew he had a superb whisky. Maybe the best.

Today was the day into a bare room troubled the taste-testers. On a table were dozens of unmarked glasses containing rye blends from many different distilleries, some were best-sellers in the field. The tasters sniffed.

They sipped. They gargled. Some repeated the whole process. "That half hour seemed like 30 years," says Jack. "I'll tell you when they all smiled and pronounced my blend as excellent, I heaved a sigh. I think I must have been holding my breath all that time."

Jack was especially delighted with the opinion of one man whom the business regards as the 'blender's' blender in Canada. "He told me it was one of the best ryes ever developed," Jack reports with justifiable pride. "Those testers proved one thing to me that day...they really were experts."

"Top Secret is a thoroughbred and is going to be a winner. Or my name isn't Jack Baker."



Jack Baker's Top Secret

The man and the whisky.

Looking for Mr. Goodness

"We've not looking at MacMillan Bloedel again and they've sorted out their act," declares one security analyst at a Toronto brokerage house, who normally follows the shabby Vancouver-based forest products company like a hawk. A well-grounded in the Canadian investment community, MacMillan Bloedel stock, long a favorite of money managers because of the large scale on which it can be traded, has slithered from \$45 in 1972 to around \$20 today. An ailing, accordingly, is under way Denis Torkins and George Corne, president and chairman respectively, were forced to resign in March. Now, after repeated waves of speculation about possible succession, the unanimous choice is a relative chairman and acting president Ernie Richardson and his board of directors are reported to be trying to focus on a select few candidates for the \$200,000-a-year job of president and chief executive with some help from the controlling subsidiary of corporate business First Westbank & Co. Although they're still far from a decision, an early appointment is important in order to step the reins of control among MacMillan's respected, long management, but the board must choose carefully because of the company's startling consumption of two presidents and two chairmen in five years.

MacMillan Bloedel's current difficulties arise from efforts it made to lessen its dependence on the boom-and-bust timber of the forest products business. As well as its old-fashioned real estate and venture capital operations, it decided to go into ship chartering. This looked to be a logical move, given an anticipated worldwide capacity shortage and the fact that MacMillan Bloedel must charter 300,000 tons of tonnage every year in the course of its own forest business. But it was an unmitigated disaster. The unpredictable shipping market turned stormy, and last year the company's transportation division lost more than \$45 million, with the promise of more to come.

Combined with the overall North American recession, that meant that MacMillan's massive lumber corporation, shown as limping for years in 1975 nearly \$19 million, compared to profits of \$72 million in 1976, and \$34 million in 1977. Corrective action was taken as soon as the problems surfaced, including a major drop in the transportation division, 80% salary cuts for executives, and the dissolution of the company's dividend (MacMillan is widely expected to restore its dividend shortly, however, to maintain local qualifications for future sale to the portfolio of some government-regulated institutions, such as insurance companies). Obviously, these measures did not instantly MacMillan's notoriously royal-well-bred board which then has Richard, 62, the chairman of Canadian Pacific Ltd., and J. V. Clyne 74, MacMillan's former chairman, also they insisted on the retail exercise of Can-



Richardson (left) willingly poses for a MacMillan house organ photographer; but he has little to write about these days.

ada and the popular Toronto. Ironically, some critics are still unimpressed and even blame Clyne himself for the company's failure to expand sufficiently into the forests of the U.S. south, for the company's allegedly non-market approach to some of its natural resources, and for his second guessing of management since he retired as chief executive officer in 1972.

Speculation about a new president is generally centered on Ian Barclay, 55, who was that in a similar position at British Columbia Forest Products Ltd., but he has since been elevated to chairman and chief executive officer in what was seen by some as a preemptive strike by his employers. Other names discussed are Alex Harrison, 56, president of Donvalco, Adair Zimwani, 49, executive vice-president of Noranda Mines Ltd. and in charge of their forest products subsidiaries, and Ronald Longacre, 42 executive vice-president of Canadian Forest Products Ltd. Zimwani has long been regarded as a potential king in a woodsy forest ruled by Alf Power, Noranda's president, Longacre is married to but separated from his chairman's daughter. It's possible though that the appointment may be made from outside the upstream world of Canada's forest industry, perhaps even from among the divorcees heads of a big U.S. forest company such as Weyerhaeuser Co. or Boise Cascade Corp.

"It's hard to make a company with \$1.2 billion such a change drive," says one observer dithering, but already it's clear

that MacMillan will be concentrating on its basic forest business, extending it geographically in the United States, and enclosing the embankments of recent years. This strategy has been laid down by the board, which is expected to intervene more frequently in the company's affairs even after the new president has been selected. With the exception of an expansion planned for California, there are few new projects envisaged which is one reason why the hunt for a new president could be so perplexing. Some West Coast lenders are still advocating the purchase of MacMillan stock, arguing that the results for the long-term holding March 31, although showing a profit down 90% from the previous year, in fact concealed a recovery in the company's non-shipping business, artificially depressed by strikes and foreign currency fluctuations. Others are still unenthusiastic, partly because the overall U.S. housing market is expanding only slowly, although there is a consensus that MacMillan will soon up to \$22 to \$25 in 1978, and there is even talk in the company's upcoming earnings over 1977. One of the company's strongest advocates, Robert Duncan of Montreal Lynch-Royal Securities Ltd., now says that he doubts buying the stock only "on a long-term basis." MacMillan Bloedel will be looking before the wind for sometime. PETER BRADLEY

Medicine

Some people who have died—and lived to tell the tale

Swan Kraft hardly remembered the accident at all—the car spinning wildly out of control, heading at high speed for a concrete bridge abutment. “But at the moment of impact,” she later recalled, “I entered a calm, dreamlike state, accompanied by a feeling of being at peace with everything.” Her recollection—the altered perception of time and space and the sense of emotional detachment—was typical of those who go to the brink of life and beyond. Kraft, 21, described her brush with death to psychiatrist Dr. Russell Noyes, an associate professor at the University of Iowa college of medicine, and one of dozens of American doctors and scientists now actively studying the question of life after death. “I saw an endless stream of past experiences,” Kraft told him. “They were all pleasant. Time stood still, I seemed to take forever. It was all very much like sitting in a movie theater watching it happen on the screen. I didn’t feel like a participant.”

For centuries, men have wrestled with life after death. Theologians have sermonized on it. Philosophers have argued on it. Physicians have cautiously attempted to observe it. And, with modern techniques in record and resurrection technology, an increasing number of patients, (especially victims of heart attacks or accidents) are being brought back to life—after clinical “death.” Their experiences, as recorded by researchers from a wide variety of backgrounds or countries or even of death. Despite the wealth of new data, one central question remains unanswered: Are the memories of those who have “died” actually glimpses of an afterlife? Or do they just the various mind under stress, appearing to be outside the body, in another world?

Most researchers stop short of evaluating their encounters with the “dead.” But say life. Ray Moody, an Arizona, Georgia physician and author of the recently published *Life After Life*. “I was no longer aware out of head the moment that there could be other realms of existence.” In one of Moody’s most dramatic sessions, a young housewife recalled: “I had a heart attack. I found myself in a black void. I knew I was dying. I couldn’t see anything, but I was rubbing toward it. Beyond the mist I could see people. The whole thing was permeated with the most gorgeous light, a living, golden-yellow glow, pale, pink like the Turkish gold you know in earth. All I apprehended dimly, I felt certain I was going through the mist. It was such a wonderful joyous feeling. Yet it wasn’t any time because instantly from the other side



appeared my uncle Carl, who had died many years previously. He blocked my path, saying, ‘Go back. Your work on earth has not been completed. Go back now.’ I didn’t want to go back, but I had no choice. And immediately I was back in my body. I felt that horrible pain in my chest and I heard my little boy crying. ‘God bring my mommy back to me.’”

An expert with more positive views is Dr. Elia Kohn-Kahler-Ross, the 49-year-old Swiss-born psychiatrist who has specialized in counseling terminally ill patients. “Beyond the shadow of a doubt there is life after death,” says Kahler-Ross. “I have interviewed hundreds of patients who were declared legally dead and were later revived.”

One woman, suffering from a widespread malignancy, “died” in a small Indiana hospital. Three and a half hours later, resuscitating nurses brought her back to life.

The woman later told Kahler-Ross that she felt herself floating out of her body and then saw her own corpse. “She also described a blinding forcing of peace and wholeness. She tried to convey to those fighting for her life to relax, take it easy. But she realized they could not hear her. The more she tried to tell them to relax, the more frantic they became. She finally gave up on them and—these are her own words—‘Then I left consciousness.’”

Moody, who was a philosophy professor before he became a medical doctor, insists that his work isn’t proof of life after death. “All that I have done is collect a series of anecdotes from people who have been near death. The subject needs a great deal more study. But almost everyone who comes close to death leaves pleasant scenes or a buzzing sound. Many have the sensation of floating out of their bodies upward, where feel they are being whisked away through a tunnel, dark cave or tunnel.”

Noyes’ findings, published in a magazine paper titled *Depersonalization In The Face Of Life-Threatening Danger: A Description*, discusses 114 accounts of near-death experiences. “Many experiences (and especially upon the precipitous time of extreme danger. However, they were fused themselves calm. Nearly half reported no fear at all despite the gravity of the situation. One third acknowledged feeling as though a wall existed between themselves and their feelings.”

All of those involved in current studies fear their findings may be sensationalized or misinterpreted. Noyes, for example, refuses to discuss the possibility of life after death—he is concerned only with the question of “depersonalization.” Still, he concludes: “One may take comfort from the fact that, suddenly confronted by death, one might find within himself the resources for coping. In such an urgent moment, strength might be found to effect a reverse, but looking then, in their life’s end with serenity, even acceptance.”

Noyes speculates that out-of-body experiences may be projections the brain makes to negate death. In pretend we are only witnessing it as a spectator. Nevertheless, he doesn’t buy into it. “I have seen people who have lived after death. All I can tell you is what patients tell me. They are filled with curiosity, wonderment. I’d just have to wait and see.”

WILLIAM DOWDER



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Travel

Flight back where we—at least some of us—started from

Despite the closer attractions of the Museum of Modern Art and the U.S. Bicentennial celebrations, Canada's intrepid globe-trotters are now turning up the airways for an other aviation of Europe. The annual summer stampede across the Atlantic shows little sign of slackening off this year, according to the travel industry. And over half a million Canadians are expected to visit Great Britain between now and Labor Day, lured there by friends, relatives, history, travel bargains and their own sense of adventure.

North American airlines will open off some of the dollars normally spent in London, Paris, Amsterdam and Rome during July and August. But airline bookings show Europe remains a powerful magnet to well-heeled members of Canada's polyglot middle class. "Canada-

the airlines responded with the CCF (Canadian class flight) which allowed travelers to go on any regularly scheduled flight at charter-level fares—provided they book well in advance and stay between 22 and 45 days. Flare from Toronto to London and return, for example, range from \$389 down to \$296, depending on the date of the flight. Says Bob Auld, vice-chairman of AATA Canada (the travel agents' organization) and owner of a Toronto tour agency: "If there is a big increase in travel to Europe this year, then the CCF will be the reason. They [the scheduled lines] are really stretching the chains."

At any rate, Britain will be the number one draw for Canadian travelers going overseas. Some 160,000 Canadians visited the United Kingdom in 1975, and the British are confidently predicting an 8% increase

this year. Canadians so welcome, it's the British. Tourist Ambassador's manager at Canada explains: "Americans, Australians and other English-speaking visitors remain tourists in Britain. But Canadians really get involved. Without a doubt they are the most regular visitors."

Western Europe—including France, Italy and Germany—continues to draw Canadians, too. Ethnic and cultural ties are one reason; the fact that some Canadians will be on their second, third and even fourth trips is another. The charge leveled against Canada is that they are unadventurous. But Bob Auld disagrees: "Canadians opened up Florida and now they're going to Russia, China and Cuba."

MANUEL EXCIT

The portfolio papers

A made-in-Canada proposition, a digression in the island? Rumor has it, controversy among the crew? Women trying to sleep with every officer aboard ship? It's not the sort of rumormongering confined to an average cruising brochure. Which may be what partly Vancouver broadcaster and cruising buff Gary Baumertman had in mind when he wrote *Cruise Ships: The Inside Story* (Ballantine Publishing Ltd., \$19.95), a tantalizing look at what goes on behind closed doors. As well as giving advice on what to wear to the captain's cocktail party and how much to tip waiters, Baumertman reports how many acts of lechery are witnessed each week (10), the duties of chief engineers, and the crew's favorite beverage in Annapolis (La Bona). Especially intriguing by passenger behavior, he divides voyagers into 10 general categories—from the heavy drinking fish to the budget-conscious Hecyans—serving his best shills for Godalms, the low appen who complain while two slices of ham are served instead of the one they ordered. "To turn the tide," writes Baumertman, "a passenger must achieve a level of popularity extended only by the most useful warfar."

Admittedly, he has a lot of a cruising hobby. Baumertman tends to deal in generalities, never identifying a ship or a person if an anecdote might prove embarrassing. He clearly doesn't want to offend. He also repeats many anecdotal stories, principally from cruise ship crew and admirers of officers and crew, who are not particularly used to faithful reporting. But for Canadians contemplating a summer cruise, Baumertman's book provides an engaging mix of useful information and entertaining details.

PATRICK CORRY



A Canadian couple posing in Germany's popular early British like the British

Quebec is not a hot draw in this Olympic year. A recent survey by the Conference Board of Canada showed that, although more Canadians planned to visit at their own country in 1976 than in previous years, Quebec was not one of the most popular destinations. Explains Vancouver travel operator Frank Addison: "A lot of people out here figured it [Quebec] was never going to happen. Now that it is, they probably still [don't] want to start looking."

British-bound tourists are ahead of the game this year, contrary of the over-booking, possible striking, and the fierce price competition between scheduled airlines and the charter operators. The scheduled carriers like Air Canada took a beating on the lucrative North Atlantic route in 1975 because of price-cutting by the charters. So

this year, about 40% of Canadiana goes to the U.K., below to what the airline and travel industries refer to as the "VFR segment"—visiting friends and relatives (VFR) is price gouging for usual flight rules, which probably explains the origin of the term. Despite the fact that such visitors tend to spend less on hotels, meals and car rentals than ordinary tourists, the British regard them as crucial. No one, it seems, has visited Canada's travel habits in the country as the British—perhaps because Canadians are among the top spenders in Britain (about \$146 million last year). Surprisingly, Canadians are the high rollers of international travel. A United Nations survey revealed that Canadians per capita are the world's biggest travel spenders. But the British aren't. It's not just their dollars

Art

Why it's better to serve in Boston than reign in the National Gallery

Two days after Jean Boggis resigned as director of the National Gallery in Ottawa, the Consultative Committee on Museum Policy was in session. The committee is a subcommittee of Boggis' boss, the National Museum Board, and in the meeting drew to a close, Brenda Wallace, one of the committee members released that further the secretary of the committee had mentioned Boggis' resignation. She asked that the committee pay tribute to the gallery's director for 14 years of unassuming service. A carefully chosen moment, characteristic of the events surrounding Boggis' resignation, the member was ruled out of order.

And the coming of her resignation, no one was sure that Boggis—the only woman in the world to head a national gallery—would give up the most prestigious post in the Canadian art world. When she announced her decision to go that day, some were asking others from Harvard and the Boston Museum of Fine Arts she was suspected of trying well, she had threatened to resign several times in the past. But the letter her resignation carried her out, not some of the back story of the 10-year-old resignation she had made to improve.

Boggis, a Canadian born in 1906, arrived at the National Gallery in 1964, armed with credentials that included a Harvard and doctorate in fine arts, a knowledge of the Degas and a place as curator of the Art Gallery of Toronto. From the outset she was concerned with establishing the National's international credibility. She succeeded admirably. Over the years, exhibitions devoted to work in sculpture as art from ancient Egypt and England, the age of Louis XV, and the 19th-century Flemish master Jordaens, and their superbly produced catalogues—have attracted international attention. "That was the history and strategy of the National Gallery," says Toronto art dealer Constant Lamanna. "We were removed from any strong national and political."

Known for her tough approach to policy and high standards of scholarship, Boggis stirred a bond of devoted fans who trusted her judgment as much as they trusted them. Boggis wanted the same trust from her employees. She didn't get it.

In 1968, parliament passed the National Museum Act, entrusting the four Ottawa museums—the Natural History, Science and Technology, Museum of Man, and the National Gallery—with the National Museums Corporation. Like five previous dechets in the Kingdom of Culture, the four previously autonomous museums were joined for the money and intention of



Boggis, who was, Boggis and Wallace away...

the new board. Boggis lost control of personal appointments, and all budgetary matters were to be decided by the secretary general of the corporation, Bernard Ostry. With her yearly budget increases lagging far behind the other institutions (last year's increase: 3.1%), and her authority eroded, Boggis—who says she was "for a time a relatively weak woman"—to keep the corporate solidarity intact, forced the weak director to leave and publications departments too.

In 1972, the corporation's powers were broadened further. Then secretary of state Gerald Peltier gave her a new mandate to reconstitute the big national museums "in modern and dynamic instruments of initiative to culture" that would use small "associative museums" and universities in their culture. "The idea was to build a Canadian, no matter where they live." The objective was beyond criticism, but the way the corporation had gone about it, it was. Says the late M. Wayne, chairman of the Department of Visual Arts at the University of Ottawa, "The new powers made the corporation 'bureaucratic and over-the-top.' With millions of dollars in aid to be held it literally supported a wide range of projects—excluding a masterlist variety of traveling road shows—that Boggis had once disapproved the strength of the National Gallery."

The dispute about the role of the new National Gallery finally drove her out. For two years she and her staff worked on a building program for the Carleton Square she favored. Then in 1974, after a

closed session of the Museum Board to which Boggis was not invited, the site was awarded to Washington Square. The program that resulted from Boggis' two years of planning now rests on a government committee's desk.

The issues surrounding Boggis' departure are far-reaching. It is "typical Canadian," or Le Merveilleux, says it. Boggis got to the United States while Canada's sociology and fine art training are underdeveloped. Others fear that the gallery's tradition of fine scholarship will disappear with Boggis' departure. But for Boggis, 54, the choice was clear. She'd rather be a professor in Cambridge than a "mummy" in Ottawa.

JOHN H. HARRIS

The artful dodgers?

Just after it starts its first, fairly high rate last October, more than 100-acre collection and officials of Revenue Canada swooped down on 33 houses and offices across Saskatchewan, striking simultaneously in Regina, Moose Lake, Saskatoon and Weyburn. No arrests were made, but piles of documents, financial records and other documents were seized today, eight months later, they are still in the custody of the RCMP.

The effort had all the signs of a major drug bust, but it was not, as a national, but they are the heart of the matter: more than 250 paintings in fact, about one third of them by century-pottery Canadian artists (among them Saskatchewan's Art McKay, Dorothy Knowles, Ted Godwin, Ernest Lindner, Kenneth Lockwood). The art captured by the RCMP in 1974-1975-century European artists, of the "school of" variety.

Information sought by RCMP officers to obtain search and seizure warrants to begin



100

a conspiracy to evade payment of income tax. Paragraph 149 of the Income Tax Act allows gifts of art works to the Crown to be claimed at tax-deductible charitable donations. The actor, acting for Revenue Canada, claims that a number of Saskatchewan residents obtained such tax deductions in fraudulent amounts, by securing mostly inflated appraisals of the art works donated. For example, according to the RCMP documents available, two European paintings were reported in 1974 by a Regina art dealer from Holland for \$306.76 and sold to a Saskatchewan resident. Within months, this individual donated the paintings to the Crown, receiving for his gift a receipt valuing the paintings at \$8,200, which he then claimed as a deduction on his 1974 tax return.

The donation was made through the Mount Jew Art Museum, which received the receipt. All told, the RCMP believe that in 1974 various Saskatchewan residents obtained nearly \$300,000 worth of fraudulent tax deductions from their art.

Clearly at issue is whose appraisal of the value of the paintings is to be believed. For more than two years Revenue Canada has had an agreement with the Professional Art Dealers Association of Canada (PADAC) to use association members for appraisal purposes. In this case, Revenue Canada, for unspecified reasons—possibly available Canadian experts and sought the services of Sotheby Parke Bernet, a New York art auction house, which last December appraised the art work held by the actor. Immediately rumors flew around the Saskatchewan art community that contemporary Canadian work was being appraised values far below its current but market price. As a result of its investigations, PADAC got in touch with Sotheby Parke Bernet (Canada) in Toronto and Revenue Canada in Ottawa, to complain about the fact on contemporary Canadian painting caused by both the RCMP and the S.F.B. appraisal. Subsequently, Sotheby Parke Bernet, which does not usually concern itself with contemporary work anyway, undertook to disqualify itself at the appraisal of the contemporary Canadian works in question—thus something some of the staff employees in the Saskatchewan art community in early June, there the matter stood with no progress yet in hand.

In the United States the Internal Revenue Service has an Art Advisory Panel composed of museum officials, professional art dealers and scholars who three or four times a year review the value of art works appraised for tax purposes. The multiple circumstances of Tupper Saskatchewan could well have been avoided if Revenue Canada had access to such a mechanism. This month, RCMP intends to meet with Revenue Canada to outline how to provide reliable appraisal expertise. Eight months after last October's news of the Saskatchewan collectors' and artists' feel they deserve a resolution of the matter, one way or the other.

KAREN HALL

Films

Cannes: under the phoney tinsel, real tinsel



At men's gala party to celebrate the premiere of *That's Entertainment, Part 2*, an outpouring of the Cannes Film Festival, the wine was flown in from California along with such stars of yesterday as Frank Sinatra and Gene Kelly (who cameo the film and director in it too). Cary Grant, Cyd Charisse and Leslie Caron, bringing with them California to the South of France at the tail of many dance sequences that makes Cannes the world's most exciting carnival, a gaily unrepentant marriage of European showbiz sensibility and slick American showbiz misanthropy.

But if the imported wine was superlative, the imported glamour was not. Despite the nonstop-the-world representation in the prestigious official competition, the festival depends on Americans for its power—a fact reflected this year not only in the opening-night selection but in the choice of Tennessee Williams as its head juror and in the award of the Grand Prix at the end of two *French* works to Martin Scorsese's *Taxi Driver*, a disturbingly violent study of an urban psychopath that is already established in North America as a

Canada and *DeWitt* in 1980: the big event of the festival, unbelievably and liberally

social drama and north of the border. An award *Cine* was a festival treated with outrage and embarrassment. The crowd who would to ogle celebrities on the steps of the Festival Palace every night cheered faded stardom but failed to recognize Tennessee Williams. Behaving like a demoralized parade crowd from his usual coliseum plays, Williams soon left Cannes for nearby Cap d'Antibes where he instead pronounced on how much he loathed all the film he was obliged to sit.

Parade last time in last year's festival rejected the feature movies proposed by Cannes, which gave this evening something in common with the Russians. Unlike the Russians, however, the Russians then created the political furor of the season by walking out in a hulk and taking a couple of minutes' overtime with them. The Canadians by contrast turned out in full force to promote their film abroad. At the end of the festival, there was a surprise honor in the form of a grand prize to a

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Prizes include memos leaked by the RCMP plus preferred shares in a duty-free shop

Column by Allan Fotheringham

A lucky spring, and the blood flowing, have for the first time a Canadian Carrot. Explain What Quiz. Entries are restricted to a consumer. Marks will be awarded for accuracy.



1. Would you feel safe standing James Buchanan to the corner more to buy (a) a Pepsi? (b) a maple? (c) a cup of yogurt? Choose one.

2. Please tell us what religion you plan to join, now that the Protestants and Catholics in Northern Ireland are denouncing Christianity.

3. Out of 100 words or less, the basic philosophical position of 19th-century Whigs of two political parties would be preferred.

4. A queen from a foreign country is to open the Montreal Olympics in July. Does this indicate there are no Canadian candidates for the job? Who do you think would be more appropriate: (a) Oliver Schulte? (b) Jack Webster? (c) Jack Horner?

5. Do you feel there would be a market for 12 of the collected speeches of Bill Dwyer? If not, why not?

6. The final game of the 1975-76 season of that water sport—hockey—between the Winnipeg Jets and Houston Aeros came on May 27. The first game of the 1976-77 season of that autumn sport—football—the CFL all-star contest, came on May 28. Does this indicate (a) Canadian lines of sport? (b) grief? (c) a major case of Canada's disease?

7. Do you think that Joe Clark suffers from a chronic hypoxia? Expand if you wish.

8. Name three people who have not been offered medals by the Canadian Olympic Association and have \$75.00 left in the kitty. Which of the following would you feel most safe in recommending as your successor? (a) Jean Drapeau? (b) James Richardson? (c) David Barrett?

9. Out of the three major species of Montreal, which political candidate that you feel is destined for Baileys?

10. Yes, as a female, are the winner of a major TV quiz show. First prize is your choice of a companion for an all-expenses paid trip to a small Tibetan island. Who would you choose: (a) René Bonifant? (b) One Long? (c) Clarence Campbell? Give reasons.

11. A special prize will go to the entry that correctly tells us whatever became of Bob Sweeney.

12. Can you tell the difference between David Lewis and Stephen Lewis?

13. How?

14. Do you feel the Calgary airport would have any right to buy the Concorde because of noise, when it already has experienced Fokker Week?

15. You are the original architect chosen to build the pyramids. Who would you select as general foreman for the project? (a) Jean Drapeau? (b) John Bassett Jr.? (c) James Richardson?

16. If you were a Quebec judge, would you get an unlisted phone number? If not, why not?

17. Who would you wish as your defense lawyer in a murder trial: (a) Clarence Campbell? (b) J. Lee Bailey? (c) Massimo McCaffrey?

18. Pierre Trudeau has implied that one of his sons is "available but not available." Please name three Liberal cabinet ministers to whom the same description could be applied.

19. Out of three basic political ideas of (a) Amory Carter, (b) Joe Clark, (c) Amda Simplic McPherson.

20. Could you stand out for as the basic reason that MacDonald of Argon Corp. is Premier Ed Sheppard's new proposal that the pay of the president of your company be no more than 20 times that of the firm's lowest paid employee. Be polite.

21. If you had your choice, who would you least like to be trapped in a kitchen with? (a) Alvin Karpis? (b) Senator Keith Dwyer? (c) Johnny Taw? Take your time with your answer.

22. Give, with some detail, the exact circumstances of the latest case in history on which Hugh Faulkner was seen smiling.

23. Do you feel there is a very truth in the statement that the 1976-77 season's season will be continued by Ed Broadbent, Ed Sheppard—and Paul Hellyer?

24. Name, individually, the 167 people you would like to see on the next page knocked to Kowak.



25. Yes, as a female, are arranging a bridge tournament. The match, down out of a but are Pierre Trudeau, John Turner, Susan Roman and Paul Hellyer. How would you arrange the seating? (Use diagrams if necessary.)

26. Outline the ways in which the Tories now leading in all the popular polls will manage to snatch defeat from the jaws of victory before the next election.

27. Name three (a) reasons (b) boardroom (c) backbenchers who are not losing after the loss of John Turner.

28. Do you feel there would be all that trouble in Ottawa if Joe Clark were dead?

29. There have been suggestions that Allan Eagleson's finger be broken. Hands up all those who suggest the end of his body be included in the dip.

30. You are in charge of a committee attempting to let a world mark for emptying a ball in record time. Who would you look as a speaker? (a) Bob Stenfield? (b) Martin of Seay? (c) Red Kelly?

31. How would you explain the obsession of Toronto newspaper publishers with the (a) Tories? (b) Toronto's lack of security? (c) Toronto's lack of achievement? (d) penis envy?

32. Do you think Massimo McPhee would make a good prime minister? Expand if you wish.

33. If Ed Broadbent walked down the centre of Yonge Street in Toronto would anyone know it?

34. The Prime Minister has kept vacant 14 seats in the Senate obviously in view of the growing Liberal crisis. Who do you think would be more fittingly appointed: David Sheppard? (a) John Turner? (b) Jean Drapeau? (c) Gordon Sinclair? (d) Ed Broadbent? (e) Eby Yoni? (f) Jack Austin?

35. Whatever happened to (a) Bruno Bédard? (b) The Happy Gang? (c) Joe Clark?

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